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EDITED BY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



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(SEAL)

My commission expires Jan. 12, 1925.

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OCTOBER, 1924

[No. 4

ACROSS A HEDGE

She smiled to me behind a hawthorn hedge
And did not say, but dreamed, deciphering
The script of what she thought her privilege
Of quiet, that the world was hers to bring
Her peace and stand forever still with her;
While I fled past her hedge and, like a burr
Caught as I ran, the world clung to my dream
Of what was I and came along with me
To keep alive, because there did not seem
To be another way of stirring. So we—
That one behind her hawthorn hedge and I
Abroad—tore up our world to satisfy,
Between the two, the personal conceit
Of each, and lived upon our separate shreds,
Until one day we both awoke to greet
Each other across a hedge and nod our heads,
A little glad in the same world to be
That could be still with her and run with me.

LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK

Louisville, Kentucky.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Son but n'était pas le succès; son but était la foi.

In the dedication of his monograph on Romain Rolland, Stefan Zweig hails the creator of Jean-Christophe as "the most impressive moral phenomenon of our age." In this quality is summed up at once the greatness of Rolland as a reformer and his failure as an artist. He is a creator on a magnificent scale, a conscious and conscientious workman, yet the entire impulse and direction of his labors derive from moral convictions so definite, serious and vehement that they inflame him with the almost holy rapture of direct inspiration, but leave him no energy for abstract preoccupations.

If the principal result of these labors, *Jean-Christophe*, proves singularly wanting in the higher elements of pure art, yet the book is conceived rather as the gospel of an art than as its perfect representation. There is no aspiration to which Romain Rolland is more wholly insensible than that of art. From his earliest youth a disciple of Tolstoi and Michelet, himself by nature a passionate reformer, all art to him exists as an apostolate, the indispensable obligations of which are to provide spiritual raiment for the throng, and to establish a fluent spiritual intercourse between the great democracy of the peoples of the world and the select, but seldom intelligible, company of its artists.

The double identity of Romain Rolland with his troubled protagonist and the latter's closest friend is apparent. Thus, the somewhat deliberate accumulation of Rolland bibliography becomes a point of great importance. For, whatever qualifications must be added, the man is one of the most significant figures of our young century—his significance can be perceived only when his life and its labors are seen as a whole—and his book is one of its most noteworthy achievements.

It is worth remarking that a Swiss (Paul Seippel), an Austrian Jew (Zweig), and a French Jew (Daniel Halévy), citizens of the three most cosmopolitan nations, should have given us the most intimately perceptive glimpses of the personality of this cos-

mopolite; and that from an Italian like Papini we should have the most suggestive study of his work. It is significant, too, that such a man should be cruelly misunderstood by critics whose culture is in the most characteristic and narrowest sense French, notably by Massis and the fiery Paul Hyacinth Loyson. For certainly, the temperament of Romain Rolland is not French. If anything, in its elements it is Teutonic, as the great Bavarian masters were Teutonic; but fundamentally the genius of Romain Rolland, French by the accident of birth, belongs to the world.

Like Jean-Christophe, Rolland has "a European mind"—a natural cosmopolitanism of spirit, arising perhaps from his Burgundian inheritance, from his participation in the highly generalized societies of Paris, Rome and Bâle, his close associations with distinguished intellects, his continual journeyings in search of new ideas, and from every element of his education and culture, which was concerned chiefly with foreign art and music, foreign literature and the great movements of history.

Jean-Christophe is such a cosmopolite. Indeed, a temperament like his cannot be confined within the limits of any specific nationality; and this generalized origin is made evident upon every page of the ten volumes wherein is disclosed the eccentric futility of his life. In *Dans la maison*, Jean-Christophe remarks the sense of dissociation and the absence of understanding which he so often feels in the presence of his countrymen, as if he belonged to another race. This, then, is the cosmopolitanism of M. Rolland: an involuntary generalization which has innocently precipitated him into many painful differences; which, for example, compelled him to maintain an attitude of reticence at the time of the Dreyfus affair, when there was only one course for the fair-minded, an attitude in which he persisted, as he said, in the cause of intelligence, that it might not become completely submerged in the sordid bickerings of the opposing camps.

There is scarcely an incident in his life which does not contribute to a more intimate understanding of Jean-Christophe, so multitudinous is the character of this wandering slave of music. Romain Rolland was born January 29, 1866, at Clamecy, a town of mediæval origins in the plateau of the

Morvan, in territory anciently a portion of the duchy of Burgundy. From his father, a notary, he inherited something of the dogmatic ardency of the Revolution; from his mother, the stern rigor and the ascetic high-mindedness of uncontaminated Jansenism. The home that his childhood knew he has described in the volume of *Jean-Christophe* entitled *Antoinette*. He was early to discover the consolations of music, to which he became passionately devoted; then he found Shakespeare, who opened new universes of fantasy and shrewd reality to his curious mind: and, as the years of boyhood passed, he read prodigiously, especially in poetry.

Rolland was fortunate among men of talent in that his parents accurately recognized almost from the first the distinguished qualities of his intellect, and allowed nothing to check its natural development. As the boy approached adolescence, they gave up their old home and removed with him to the larger opportunities of Paris, where young Rolland attended the *lycée* Louis-le-Grand, with Paul Claudel as his closest companion, and adored Shakespeare, Spinoza, Wagner, Beethoven and Saint Louis. Twice he failed to receive a sufficient average in his examinations for entrance to the celebrated *École Normale Supérieure* (the rigor of which is proverbial) because of his single-minded devotion to music and poetry; but, in 1886, upon being threatened with the Polytechnic Institute should he fail again, he applied himself to overcome his deficiencies with desperate zeal and was finally matriculated.

The singular qualities of this historic institution—its serious purposes, its revered traditions, the close segregation of its students, and the diligence required of them—at once became a part of Rolland's existence. As a *normalien* he interested himself at first in philosophy, especially in that of the Pre-Socratics, the Cartesians and Spinoza; but, after the first year, he wisely elected history as his major subject, and in this took the degree of *agrégé*. At the *École*, in the years when the course of life is determined, Rolland made one of a quartette of inseparables with Claudel, Charles Péguy and André Suarès.

Already, with Suarès, Rolland had become enthusiastic about Tolstoi, whose works had lately been brought into great promi-

nence among the younger Parisian intellectuals through the translations of Melchior de Vogüé. To the young student, the great Russian revealed unadventured vistas of thought, a profound mysticism, a final emancipation from metaphysical subtlety, and a credo somewhat akin to that which Saint Jerome once prescribed for Christian meditation, of "Herakles between virtue and voluptuousness." Tolstoi brought spiritual light to Rolland; and when, one day, he read the tract *Qu'est-ce que l'Art*, and trembled beneath the grizzled master's contemptuous iconoclasm against all that was most precious to the young man's heart—Shakespeare, Beethoven and the whole structure of modern art—the twenty-two-year-old *agrégé* was filled with despair and bewilderment. From his little Montparnasse garret, the youth wrote a letter to the great man, filled with the sadness of confused ideals and indecisions. He wrote as one might pray. And in a few weeks came the reply, thirty-eight pages long. In that hour, Romain Rolland took up the apostolate of art.

As a student of history in the École Normale, Rolland had attracted the interest of one of his professors, the historian Gabriel Monod, who entertained him in his home at Versailles and introduced him among his friends. Madame Monod was a daughter of the Russian nihilist, Alexander Herzen, and her mother by adoption, the delectable Malvida von Meysenbug, habitually passed her summers in Versailles. Fraülein von Meysenbug, then in her seventy-third year, was immediately attracted to the youth of twenty-three; and the friendship which united them, testified to on her part in the Fraülein's *Der Lebensabend einer Idealistin*, has remained the most invigorating single influence in Rolland's life. Thus, when Rolland was awarded a two-year scholarship in the French School of History and Archæology in Rome, he spent much of his leisure in the small but distinguished *salon* which his patroness directed there during the winter months.

Rome meant to young Rolland all that it was to mean to the protagonist of *La nouvelle journée*. Forgetting his appointed tasks at the Palazzo Farnese, forgetting even Tolstoi, he saturated his spirit in the art of the Renaissance and in the eternal romance of ruins and of sunsets. It was here, during a walk on the

Janiculum, that the vision came to him of *Jean-Christophe*. It was here, too, that the poet in him first awakened; and, in the intoxication of a Shakespearean performance by Ernesto Rossi, he wrote drama after drama upon classical themes.

Then came the end of his holiday, and Rolland, after a pilgrimage of consecration with Fraülein von Meysenbug to Wagner's tomb at Bayreuth, was obliged to return to the École, where he became first an instructor and afterwards a lecturer in the History of Art. He did not, however, permit his new interest in current European thought to become submerged in his perfunctory duties; he maintained active correspondences, read avidly, and made frequent journeys to Germany, Italy and Switzerland. In 1892, at the age of twenty-six, he married the daughter of the philologist Michel Bréal; and, three years later, his doctor's dissertation on *Les origines du théâtre lyrique moderne* was found acceptable by the faculty of the Sorbonne, where, in 1903, a chair of musical æsthetics was created for him. In 1910 he resigned the professorship, which he had always found irksome, and since that time has devoted himself entirely to literature.

II.

Although even at this time he was actually planning certain portions of *Jean-Christophe*, Rolland's first actual efforts were directed toward a reform in the drama. From his earliest youth a follower of the theatre, he had perceived while still a lad that the drama is the most pliant and fluent of social forms; and he dreamed a cyclopean dream of a national theatre which would inspire and invigorate a lethargic people: a simple, human, familiar drama, in which they might be at once the spectators and the participants.

His plan was prodigious and comprehensive. Already he had written many plays—*orsino*, *Empédocle*, *Gli Baglioni*, *Caligula*, *Niobé*, *Le siège de Mantoue*, only one of which was even considered for production—and in two great, unfinished dramatic cycles, whose strange strength and dexterous stagecraft is drawn from the failure of those earlier efforts, he exemplifies his ambitious plan.

Like many another serious, old-young literary man, Rolland deplored the preoccupation of the Parisian theatre with triviali-

ties of boudoirs and infidelities, its triteness and its sacrifices to box-office expediency. The specifications of his indictment are fully set forth in his manifesto, *Le théâtre du peuple* (1903), and are recalled in one of the volumes of *Jean-Christophe*,—*La foire sur la place*.

Rolland conceived all his plans in cycles, of which *Jean-Christophe* is one, and his biographies in their totality another. His mature dramas thus fall into two definite unfinished groups, each play complete within itself, but taken together forming the epics of the *Tragédies de la foi* and the *Théâtre de la révolution*. Similarly, but more successfully, Rolland wrote his *Vie des hommes illustres* for the people. These biographies, with their unique and extraordinarily effective structure, are really the subtly conceived soul-dramas of their protagonists. Had he given us nothing more, Rolland's *Tolstoï*, *Michel-Ange*, *Händel*, and especially his *Vie de Beethoven*, would be sufficient to vindicate his labors.

Les Tragédies de la foi (1913) constitutes an attempt to define the currents of faith,—

the mysterious streams of faith, at a time when a flame of spiritual enthusiasm is spreading through an entire nation, when an idea is flashing from mind to mind, involving unnumbered thousands in the storm of an illusion; when the calm of the soul is suddenly troubled by heroic tumult; when the word, the faith, the ideal, though ever invisible and unattainable, transfuses the inert world and lifts it towards the stars.

The sources of this inspiration are various and its manifestations widely divergent, but the essence of the faith is identical.

The cycle opens with the tragedy of *Saint Louis* (1894),—King Louis IX—whose destiny it was to lead a crusade to the Holy City and to die before entering its gates. It is *Parsifal* in colloquy and spectacle, tragic in its mighty desire of forbidden happiness, beautiful in its credo that, whatever the end, it is glorious to fight for the unattainable, when the unattainable is God. In *Aërt* (1898) we have another setting and a situation strikingly different. Aërt, young prince of a country plunged by defeat into corruption, aspiring to a vanished greatness but

drawn protesting into the maelstrom of vice, chooses death in preference to the dishonor he cannot longer escape.

Rolland's glory in dramatic achievement, however, is his cycle of plays on the Revolution.

I wished [he writes in the preface of the volume in which they are collected] in the totality of this work to exhibit, as it were, the drama of a convulsion of nature: to depict a social storm, from the moment when the first waves began to rise above the surface of the ocean down to the moment when calm spread once more over the face of the waters.

As originally planned, this group was to have been the great epic of the Revolution, and the design reads like the setting of a symphonic poem. Even the incidental music was planned by the author, and minute stage-directions were provided for every effect.

Only four of the dramas in the Revolutionary cycle were actually written. The first of these, *Le 14 juillet* (1902), is the finest specimen of Rolland's dramatic art. Its dramatic force is indescribable; it is an interlude of ecstasy. Albert Doyen has composed an excellent musical setting for the finale, but it is a theme for Liszt or Bartók. *Danton* (1900) is a character-study, but it is also the expression of a crisis, of the moment when a great cause has been won and is endangered anew by the sordid envies of too many claimants for the spoils. Danton, the passionate revolutionist, now that liberty has been won, would give it to all men and himself be free to seek his careless joys in human intercourse and in the love of woman; but the frozen ferocity of Robespierre is yet to be annulled, and Danton wins the greater victory on the scaffold.

Still another crisis in the struggle for liberty is depicted in *Le triomphe de la raison* (1899). The frightful calamity of civil war is now the theme, its argument being the defeat of the Girondists, their indecisions, and their ultimate massacre at the hands of the Sansculottes—a complete victory won through glorious defeat. The final existing drama in the cycle, *Les loups* (1898), is a further description of the bigotry and callous intolerance of powerful zealots that so often make necessary a second struggle for liberty after liberty has been won. It follows

the proceedings in the trial of a man unjustly accused and sentenced despite every effort to gain him a hearing—an oblique reflection of the Dreyfus case.

Rolland's plan for the people's theatre, however, was a complete failure. The plays which were produced failed, some upon the first night, others a few days later. The government investigation, which the insistence of the author and his supporters had compelled, was forgotten after a brief discussion and a cursory research into certain German methods to similar purpose. Rolland's organ, the *Revue dramatique*, was suspended; and one by one his collaborators in the plan became engaged in other more promising endeavors. His plan did not fail through any lack of effort or of faith. Seldom has any campaign for artistic reform been prosecuted so vigorously and so bravely. Rolland and his confederates exhausted every resource to further their theories, issuing manifesto after manifesto, petitioning every government and public agency, and making themselves heard by the very violence of their outcry. Yet they could not justify even the small opportunity they were given.

Nor was the failure due to any serious deficiency in Rolland's stagecraft. To be sure, his dramatic technique, founded upon that of Shakespeare and Renan, frequently has the fault of cloying perfection; but the best of his dramas are adroitly constructed, filled with compelling human interest, and charged with a dramatic intensity seldom achieved in orthodox themes. They are no farther distant in this regard from public approval than, let us say, are the plays of John Drinkwater, the most recent dramas of Sacha Guitry, or the masques of Percy MacKaye. Yet their failure was immediate. The inevitable conclusion is that the content is at fault. They are not out of tempo with their age, yet they are in inner conflict with it; and they concern, not external emotions, but deeper ecstasies and the motives that give these rise. They confound the most precious preconceptions of the masses by displaying too vividly their inconsistencies with the facts of life. They are problem plays of the spirit, in which ideas, not individuals, are in conflict. Thus, the failure of the scheme was due to a miscalculation of direction, rather than to a falsity of theory. Planned for and presented to a bourgeois

public, they failed to interest this public. Their fate was just, and it should be eloquent.

III.

Since that evening when, on the Janiculum at Rome, the young student first conceived *Jean-Christophe*, the great cycle had been gradually taking shape in his mind. The first chapters were actually written, in Switzerland, as early as 1897, as were various other sections afterwards incorporated into the several volumes of the novel; the last pages were written fifteen years later, at Baveno. *L'aube*, the first volume of *Jean-Christophe*, appeared in February, 1902, as one of *Les cahiers de la quinzaine*, that admirable little chap-book of literary idealism edited by Péguy and Suarès, where many of Romain Rolland's plays and biographies, and the famous letter from Tolstoi, had already been published. The support of Péguy was indispensable to the progress of *Jean-Christophe*; for it was not until the completion of the fifth installment, *La foire sur la place*, that a commercial publisher, Ollendorff, became sufficiently interested in the novel to produce it as a book. Thereafter, the fame of Romain Rolland, which had been growing steadily with the accumulation of *Jean-Christophe* in the *Cahiers*, became definitely established: and the author, at the age of fifty, began at last to enjoy the benefits of his arduous labors.

Paul Scippel, in his critical study of Romain Rolland, perceives *La vie de Beethoven* as the essential preface to *Jean-Christophe*. The stupendous Beethoven is, in fact, the actual type of Jean-Christophe in the first phases of his career; but as the narrative progresses the character becomes, not the impersonation of a single artist, but the symbol and embodiment of all true genius in its uncontaminated originality;—before the revaluations, the timorous ideals and the cynical truisms of civilization have modified its spontaneous expression. The character of Jean-Christophe Krafft—the name itself is a candid symbol—is peculiarly the representation of musical genius. In one or another of the spiritual phases of Jean-Christophe are to be discovered traits recognizable in every great musician: upon the original remembrance of the career of Ludwig van

Beethoven is created a character that repeats in its exploits and ruminations the careers of Händel, of Wagner, of Glück, of Hugo Wolf. It is the physical history of the long struggle of genius to become articulate.

Jean-Christophe is not only a novel: it is an epic of music; it is a symphony, an *Eroica* of idealism. This is as true of its structure as much as of its theme. There is no unity of plot connecting the episodes, and there are entire volumes almost without relation to those which precede and follow; yet the same personality persists throughout the novel, and these huge, seemingly irrelevant parts are found at the end to have fallen into their appointed places in the minor harmony and to have become at one with the symphony itself. Rolland is not a professional novelist, despite his successes; he is a musician, writing in the style of a musician, observing life as one, and showing in his psychology a musician's prejudice. He also frequently writes and reasons in the academic manner. The faults of his style are too obvious to need recital here,—it is our part to observe the man and the purposes of his work.

In the volume entitled *L'aube*, Rolland relates at length the origins and childhood of his protagonist. Jean-Christophe Krafft was born in a small Rhenish tributary capital, much like Bonn. His family, like that of Beethoven, had previously emigrated from the Netherlands. His grandfather, Jean-Michel, directs the Grand Duke's orchestra and aspires to compose, but his personal talents, even as a performer, are less than his egotism. Accordingly, he makes it his part in life to fawn upon the small nobility of the court, to strut among and browbeat his musicians, to sound his own praises, and to flatter his appetites for food and drink. Melchior, his son and the father of Jean-Christophe by a servant girl whom he marries in a passionate moment and blames ever after, inherits his weaknesses for drink and a singular musical talent, which circumstance and a notable lack of moral stamina bring to abject futility. When Melchior discovers, like the parents of Mozart, the genius of his son, he is elated, not generously as a father, but selfishly because he sees a means of capitalizing the boy as

a prodigy. This he does, with systematic brutality, until the child grows to hate his talent.

Into *Le matin* enter the ferments of three friendships. The Tolstoian doctrine is asserted in the character of Gottfried, the brother of Jean-Christophe's mother, a quaint, philosophical old vagabond who gives the boy his first taste of love, and, ridiculing the formal compositions which he hears Jean-Christophe playing in concerts, calls them 'lies' and argues that there is a message in his heart which the young musician should seek to discover and express. Jean-Christophe also forms a short-lived friendship with a priggish young Philistine, Otto Diener, an association notable in its revelation to him of the possibilities of human intercourse and, by contrast, of the wretchedness of his family life; he has also his first romantic attachment for Minna von Kerich, the daughter of an aristocratic widow who visits in the vicinity, the unhappy termination of which rudely emphasizes the contempt in which the respectable hold his kind. Meanwhile his father, after sinking into degradation, comes to a tragic fate in a mill-race; leaving Jean-Christophe, at the age of fifteen, sickened of life and faced with the responsibilities of a large and disreputable family.

In *L'adolescent* the young man makes his entrance into the world. He encounters that insufferable termagant Amalia Euler and her daughter Rosa, kindly but blatant, whose crudely expressed affection is repulsive to Jean-Christophe. Then he meets Sabine, the poor young widow who keeps the notion-store, slovenly in habits, perhaps, but with a certain wistful charm; and between the two there arises a really beautiful sympathy. What hours they would spend upon the steps of their lodging, conversing in faltering trivialities, most eloquent in their long silences! But there was no word of love between them. When, returning together from a wedding, they were compelled by the storm to take refuge for the night in her brother's house, the two hearts paused, one in frightened happiness, one with sudden doubt. When he returned for her after his concert tour, Sabine was dead. It is the most exquisite passage in the whole of *Jean-Christophe*.

Despite his saving graces, Jean-Christophe is pointed in the

way of his miserable father. In *La révolte* we find him enmeshed in a sordid amour with the shop-girl Ada, drinking immoderately and debauching his mind and body, and finally saved from ruin only by the stern intervention of his uncle Gottfried. Filled with anger at the hypocrisy that surrounds him, he storms the fixed stars of the musical firmament in fiery critical articles, until the Grand Duke, who has thus far supported his caprices, definitely casts him adrift. He publishes his *Lieder* at his own expense, investing his whole capital in the venture, but the book is a dismal failure. A public performance of his own compositions is a fiasco. He makes a pilgrimage to Berlin to visit the composer Hassler, his idol, but is repulsed. The only inspiring event in the book is his chance meeting, upon his dejected journey home, with old Doctor Schultz, who has admired his work. Schultz entertains Jean-Christophe as lavishly as his poor purse can afford, but dies a month later. From the admiration of the old professor Jean-Christophe gains a new strength, an energy and confidence more sustaining than any he had known before. Thereafter, compelled to flee from his home after a vulgar brawl, he sets out for Paris.

So ends the first of the three main sections of *Jean-Christophe*. The second follows him to Paris, the shrine of liberalism and exalted art, whither he journeys in high hopes. But there he finds only vicious bohemianism, hunger, a greater solitude among the throng, and a more unanswerable hypocrisy. His disappointment, fed by the exigencies of teaching and hack-work, takes expression in violent outbursts of rage at false art, and thus his enemies multiply. The public performance of his lyrical poem *David*, achieved by the most terrible struggle and sacrifice, is deliberately frustrated by the insolent clamor of the mob; and Jean-Christophe stops the performance in the middle of a movement to hurl back his contempt by playing with one finger a familiar nursery tune. His Paris is typified in his mentor, the German Jew, Sylvain Kohn, who, when he is asked: "Where shall I find France?" replies, "We are France!" This was the superficial Paris that Jean-Christophe first saw. It is *La foire sur la place*.

But there was another France, a deeper, more sincere, more

serious France, which he was to know through Antoinette Jeannin and her brother Olivier. He had first seen Antoinette in Germany, where she had been governess in a wealthy family, and then he had loved her from afar. He saw her only once again before she died. Her father, a private banker, had lost in ill-advised investments a portion of a large sum of money entrusted to his care, and, having gambled away the rest in a frantic effort to make restoration, had killed himself. His wife died of the shock, leaving Antoinette to provide for her sensitive younger brother. By her diligence she educates him, secures his entrance into the École Normale Supérieure, and dies of exhaustion at the age of twenty-five. The story of this heroic life is related in the midst of *Jean-Christophe*, in the volume *Antoinette*. Like the story of *Manon Lescaut* in Prévost's *Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité*, it is a jewel-like tale set in a long and sometimes tedious work, and for its own beauty deserves to be immortal.

From their first meeting, Olivier and Jean-Christophe know that their paths must lie together, for they are complementary figures. They are perfect opposites, both one-sided, prejudiced and incomplete, each needing the other. "They were very different from each other," says the novelist, "and they loved each other because of this difference, as they were of the same species." Jean-Christophe is the genius in action, the passionate reformer, sprung from the very soil, his talent the rude instrument of his energy and his conviction. Olivier is the reflective, sensitive artist, the emotional victim of life, the inheritor of an effete culture, his talent a conscious seeking and a nervous response to circumstance and to a figurative idealism. "I do not seek peace; I seek life," says Jean-Christophe; but Olivier desires peace and would flee from life. This is their difference and their point of meeting.

From Jean-Christophe's meeting with Olivier, Paris assumes for the strange protestant a different aspect. Hitherto, he has known only Bohemian haunts of trivial and often sordid interest. Olivier, as a member of the old *bourgeoisie*, frequents a different society, more truly representative of the best of French culture and ideals. He brings Jean-Christophe into salons and respectable homes, *dans la maison*, introduces him among writers

and thinkers of authentic talents and affords him a new atmosphere which invigorates his jaded nerves and inspires him with confidence in his destiny. Sponsored by this new society, the fame of Jean-Christophe soon becomes established.

But the fight is not won. A new foe arises with each new friend, and his worst enemies are still himself and his ungovernable rages. Yet staunchly opposed to the intrigues against him are still *Les amies*. The first of these is the Contessa Grazia Bereny, who comes with subtle propaganda to his aid; and there are many others: Jean-Christophe could conquer any woman save Fortune.

To the last of his life, ill-luck pursues him. Sordid envy, malevolent circumstance, or his own evil temper, frustrates his every hope and design. In the last of the main sections of the novel, *La fin du voyage*, these misfortunes come to their culmination. The rebellious Jean-Christophe has still to see God: and, like Moses, he meets him in *Le buisson ardent*. The ordeal is terrible; but the artist, because he is sincere, triumphs. In *Les amies*, Olivier had entered into an idealistic marriage with a woman more beautiful than profound, whom Jean-Christophe also loves but resigns to his friend. Jacqueline's frivolity wrecks the marriage, and Olivier gives his love to the suffering. He, the bourgeois, becomes a revolutionary socialist; while Jean-Christophe, the commoner, remains aloof from the throng, a spiritual tory.

So closely are their lives united, however, that the one shares the fate of the other. They are drawn involuntarily into a May-day riot, Olivier is killed, and Jean-Christophe slays a man in self-defence. He flees to Switzerland, where he is received by an admirer, Doctor Braun. Anna, the wife of his host, is singularly unattractive and at first repelling to Jean-Christophe: she is, moreover, austere and devout; yet, in the end, they are suddenly swept together in the stream of a passion full of frenzied hatred and remorse. Only the failure of his pistol to explode saves Jean-Christophe from suicide; and when at length he escapes through an ignoble flight, he is a changed and chastened man who has faced and repudiated his own weakness in the depths of his soul.

Thus Jean-Christophe embarks upon *La nouvelle journée*. Banished alike from Germany and France, barred by his conscience from Switzerland, he spends the last years of his life in the forgiving sunshine of Italy. The benignant and assuaging influence of these last years is Grazia Bereny, who had befriended him in Paris. The musician had been her sentimental idol as a girl of fourteen; now she is a widow, and a profound and tender friendship draws the two constantly nearer each other. They would have married had not Grazia's son interposed a selfish objection. When Grazia dies, the old musician gives his affection to her young daughter; and at the end of his life, it is his happiness to unite his ward and Olivier's son in an idyllic marriage. Then he dies, alone but supremely happy in the delusion that he is conducting a titanic symphony. Such is the history of Jean-Christophe.

Jean-Christophe is a performance all but unmatched in literature. Like Moore's *Evelyn Innes* and especially Wassermann's *The Goose Man*, it belongs to a special category of novels upon musical themes which should some day be made the subject of a treatise. For our purposes, the simple observation must suffice that *Jean-Christophe* owes much, architecturally, spiritually and for its sustained interest, to the enthusiasm of its author for music. It follows almost necessarily that the social thought of a musician should be international in tone and concept, for no other art so completely transcends national and racial demarcations.

Thus we have in Jean-Christophe a gigantic personification of musical genius: a man almost terribly of the earth, yet raised above it by a gift from without which he cannot control,—exuberant, impulsive, generous and fundamentally coarse; bound to the earth, on the one hand, by bonds more stringent than restrain even the generality of men, and on the other divorced from it by an insistent inner force such as is perceived only in men of supreme genius.

Surely no common figure is Jean-Christophe. It might be complained, on the contrary, that his creator, by this intensification of his major conflicting traits, has made a titan of his

protagonist; yet he bears so much humanity within him that all who follow him upon his wanderings may sometimes tread again in the footsteps of their own past, or see in his the paths that might have been. Then there is the other, more familiar, side of the character, which appears in Olivier: the gentle dreamer, the sensitive, poetic lover of humanity, who suffers from contact with the actual world, yet gives it the last full measure of devotion; in his every trait is realized a potentiality of Jean-Christophe and an unuttered aspiration of the musician's heart.

Jean-Christophe is, as we have seen, an international novel. It is the most effective piece of propaganda which the advocates of conciliation between nations have produced, since it shows more clearly than any other book how much there remains to bind France, Germany and Italy together in an harmonious sympathy, how much each can assist the others in the business of life, and how much there is to love in each of them. Romain Rolland's pacificism and its staunch assertion throughout the War is a matter of common report; and this spirit of fraternalism colors his whole narrative and lends a certain spiritual overtone to the pictures of Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy which he presents with a calm clear-sightedness and an absence of prejudice really remarkable in a public-spirited Frenchman of these turbulent days.

But the essential message of *Jean-Christophe*—the message of understanding—was destined to a violent frustration. Scarcely two years after the last volume of the novel was published, just when its deeper significance was unfolding itself to the people of France and Germany and was being eagerly discussed, came the War. Books, and the articles of their faith, were all forgotten in the great cataclysm of hatred and fury. The ideal of brotherhood became the synonym of treason.

In the face of this refusal of all that he had endeavored to promote, one course alone remained to the author of *Jean-Christophe*. He was determined, despite the world's scorn and wrath, to maintain the principles which for twenty years he had asserted, to justify his ideals even against whatever impulsive doubt might still have remained in his own heart. It chanced that, at the outbreak of the war, Rolland was at Vevey, which

he had often made his retreat. In this small Swiss town he remained during the five awful years that followed, endeavoring by what small means he could to succor the unfortunate and to give courage and spiritual sustenance to the meagre groups whose love of peace and humanity had not been wholly distorted by the vindictive instincts aroused by the war-fury.

During this trying period, Rolland worked feverishly with the Red Cross, devoting his efforts chiefly to the discovery and repatriation of lost persons; and in this work he refused all rank and office, preferring to labor among the hundreds of unremembered assistants in the bureau. When he was awarded the Nobel prize for peace, he devoted the entire sum to the assistance of war-sufferers, adding to this bounty as largely as his moderate fortune would allow. His efforts, as his heart, he gave to the suffering.

Still more significant are his literary activities during this sojourn. His controversies with Hauptmann and Verhaeren, begun August 29, 1914, the day upon which the bombardment of Louvain was reported in the public press, are classic: the one sad in the acrimony and dogmatic obstinacy of its response; the other noble in its calm assertion of a different view, yet almost affectionate in its acknowledgment of a sincere idealism that could not be shared.

The principal monument of this effort to preserve the spirit of brotherhood from the stupid fury of war are the volumes *Au-dessus de la mêlée* (1915), *Aux peuples assassinés* (1917) and *Les précurseurs* (1919), into which are collected the articles and manifestoes which Rolland gave to his countrymen through the primary medium of *Le Journal de Genève*. It is painful at this late date to recall the tempest of abuse which the publication of these essays brought upon Rolland's head. The books were rigorously banned in France, but enough of them became known to provoke scurrilous attacks. The technique of these persecutions is familiar to Americans. Let us remember with a special affection the names of Frans Masereel, the Belgian artist, and Amédée Dumois, Fernand Desprès, George Pioch, Renaitour, Rouanet, Jacques Mesnil, Gaston Thiesson, Marcel Martinet, Séverine and Marcelle Cappy; and let us praise Charles Baudouin,

P. J. Jouve, René Arcos, Guilbeaux, Jean Debrit and Claude de Maquet. They, as Herr Zweig catalogues them, dared to champion Rolland and his ideals in the midst of this "hysteria of mass hatred,"—the former in France, the latter in Geneva.

All this is now of the past; the tempest has spent itself, and the people of the earth have returned to the worship of their once more habitable ideals. There remains little to say of Romain Rolland, save to remark his more recent works, the novels *Colas Breugnon* (1918), *Pierre et Luce* (1920) and *Clerambault* (1920), and the farcical comedy *Liluli* (1919).

Colas Breugnon was written in Switzerland in the summer of 1913, after the great labor of *Jean-Christophe* was completed; but, owing to the exigencies of the war, it was not published until 1918. It is a much finer and more readable novel than *Jean-Christophe*, although, of course, in no way so pretentious, so sweeping in perspective, or so significant. The life-story of a Burgundian wood-carver of ancient days, it is wholly French, wholly enjoyable, and as light-hearted and brave as its quaint protagonist. *Pierre et Luce* is a delightful little idyl; and *Clerambault, l'histoire d'une conscience libre pendant la guerre*, as the name suggests, is not properly a novel at all, but a philosophical study of a mediocre author, normally of pacific sentiments, who is carried away by the enthusiasm of war-time into a frenzy of hatred; is made famous thereby because his sentiments so exactly reproduce those of the people at large; and, at last awakened to introspection by the death of his son, alters his song, and suffers persecution for the tardy sincerity of his utterance. *Liluli*, the first creative work which Rolland completed after the outbreak of the war, is a fantastic and ironical farce-comedy of circumstances symbolizing the outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany, after the nations had laboriously contrived a futile bridge of understanding.

These are merely the scraps of Rolland's workshop. His true work is done; and whatever else he is likely to produce will probably remain secondary in interest to the great panorama of *Jean-Christophe*. There remains the question whether *Jean-Christophe* is a work for eternity. By reason of its length, its incoherences and its artistic faults, a grave doubt must be ad-

mitted of its final permanency. Yet it is a stupendous and earnest work; and if this, with *Colas Breugnon* and the *Vie de Beethoven* are read, admired and even loved until the beginning of another century, as they surely will be, the admirers of Romain Rolland will be largely content with the reception and influence of his faith and labors.

WILLIAM A. DRAKE.

New York.

A STONE, AND BREAD

"I am so sorry," I have said, turning the heel of my
stocking;
And I have risen and revived the fire,
Holding a newspaper against the bars
To make it draw.
I have dropped the newspaper and am about to settle
down again,
Reflecting upon the price of coals,
When I perceive that your cocker-spaniel,
Who has been, as I thought, asleep on the hearth-rug,
Is rapidly collecting his loose limbs
And his thudding tail.
Now he has lolloped sideways across the room
To your knee;
He is pawing your sleeve
And he is trying with his curling pink tongue
To lick your face.
And suddenly I know that out of your eyes
(The eyes of my friend!)
Tears have been falling.

SUSAN MILES.

Bedford College for Women,
The University of London.

SWINBURNE AS A CRITIC

If Swinburne's fairly voluminous critical writings have been largely neglected since his death, it is for much the same reason as that which accounts for the neglect of his verse. It is necessary only to read Swinburne's poetry to realize that he was a major poet of the second rank; it is necessary only to read his criticism to realize that he was a critic of no slight importance. Unfortunately, neither his poetry nor his criticism is sufficiently read nowadays to make either fact a matter of common knowledge. We need not analyze the causes for his temporary lack of favor: it is enough to be convinced that it *is* temporary. Favored or not, his poetry and his criticism go hand in hand; they are the fruits of a single impulse, almost of a single inspiration. No other poet in the language—not even Milton, not even Coleridge—is in so profound a sense a *bookish* poet as Swinburne; none other is so nearly inexplicable without a knowledge of what goes before him. Somewhat as Dante incorporates into himself the life and thought of the middle age, Swinburne incorporates into himself and synthesizes all of English poetry before him. It is as if the hot rays of that violent central sun had, in the sensibility of one artist, focussed themselves intensely and momentarily through a single glass. Only a few of the spectral colors are wanting (verse satire, for one); but most are here. *St. Dorothy*, for example, is the most Chaucerian poem (not Chaucer's) in the language; *Tristram* is the work of a nineteenth-century Marlowe; *Atalanta* could not have been written before *Agonistes*; *Songs before Sunrise* have Shelley as their godfather: even the ballad writing of the fifteenth century is echoed in Swinburne's revivifications of the form. Perhaps no creative writer of anything like his rank ever struck his roots so deeply into the soil of literature: and the critic made use, so to say, of the fertile loam that had bred the poet.

It is important, then, to think of Swinburne as one of the most learned of English critics as well as the most bookish of English poets. His erudition vastly exceeds Lamb's, Hazlitt's and Hunt's, and in English literature itself probably ex-

ceeds Arnold's. Of the Elizabethans especially he wrote out of the fullness of a lifelong and encyclopædic acquaintanceship; but his knowledge of four or five other literatures was wide and solid. This in itself lends an authority to his criticism that must be reckoned with, and it is reënforced by a coherent philosophy of literature that lifts his judgments, no matter how debatable, above the level of whims and crotchets. It is not quite true to say, as Mr. T. S. Eliot does, that he is "an appreciator and not a critic;" his thinking may not have been relentless or conclusive, but he did emphatically "erect into laws his personal impressions," and his special judgments are made—or at least pretend to be made—with reference to those laws. His philosophy says nothing about the sociological aspects of literature; it is, if you will, purely 'æsthetic', and not 'biographical'. The work of art is itself Swinburne's sole concern: "determining causes" (in Mr. Middleton Murry's phrase) he leaves to others. Imagination and harmony he regards as the great twin laws of literature, and the authors who have them he regularly puts above those who have invention and melody, no matter how original in the one, or how charming in the other: the "gods" he prefers always to the "giants", the "Olympians" to the "Titans". Sublimity he prefers to sweetness, "pity and terror" to sentiment, creative fire to constructive vigor. As for "art for art's sake"—that is, as an affirmative statement, unchallengeable: "No work of art has any worth or life in it that is not done on the absolute terms of art;" but as a prohibition the phrase is false: "Art of the highest kind may ally itself with moral or religious passion, with the ethics or the politics of a nation or an age." It may be taken, indeed, as a kind of outline of his philosophy to say that his deities were Æschylus, Aristophanes, Ezekiel, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Blake, Shelley, Dickens, Hugo; and his detestations (or at least aversions) Euripides, Horace, Racine, Byron, Musset, Heine, Carlyle, George Eliot, Ibsen.

If his learning was sound and his philosophy coherent, he had surely, for an English critic, a respectable equipment. But in erudition he has at least his equals, and in philosophy—if we consider profundity and originality—his superiors. In one criti-

cal faculty, he has, so far as I know, no superiors, perhaps no equals: I mean, his power of expository analysis or description of the work in hand, his power of transcribing its flavor, of elucidating its significance, of conveying its "peculiar uniqueness" to all but the dullest reader. His capacity for *feeling himself into* a piece of literature that enlists his devotion is almost incredible, and in reproducing the experience for another his voluble lyricism is for once no hindrance; his amazingly responsive vocabulary, his apparently illimitable expressiveness, are allies of the stoutest kind. This is supposed to be the special province of Hazlitt, and as independent work the earlier man's criticism is perhaps superior to Swinburne's, but Hazlitt at no time yields himself to the object as Swinburne does, and his linguistic resources are much less opulent. Take, for example, the long essay on Chapman, with its superbly condensed but comprehensive second paragraph, its analysis of Chapman's besetting sins of style, its searching remarks on obscurity in general and on Chapman's in particular, its painstaking account of the plays one by one, its characterization of Chapman's temperament as having "more in it of an Icelandic than a Hellenic poet's": no one could read through that essay and not have a juster conception of that high-minded and high-spirited Titan than he could get from any other critic in the language. In expository perfection such essays as that on Ford ("rather a sculptor of character than a painter"), on Matthew Arnold, on Coleridge, on Emily Brontë, are in the finest sense classical: Ford's "energetic intensity and might of moral grasp," Arnold's "majesty and composure of thought and verse," Coleridge's "height and perfection of imaginative quality," Emily Brontë's "wild and bitter pathos"—these essential and peculiar qualities are analyzed and transcribed with consummate accuracy and persuasiveness. Even in a single sentence such as the following—and a thousand like it could be cited—Swinburne succeeds in revealing as by a sudden kind of inspired intuition a distinction which another critic would take pages to define:—

Between *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* the same difference exists which a swimmer feels between lake-water and sea-water: the one is fluent, yielding, invariable; the other has

in it a life and pulse, a sting and swell, which touch and excite the nerves like fire or like music.

A more elaborate metaphor is worked out in the last paragraph of the essay on Marston: and how perspicuously it limns the features of the man's art!—

The Muse of this poet is no maiden of such pure and august beauty as enthralls us with admiration of Webster's; she has not the gypsy brightness and vagrant charm of Dekker's, her wild soft glances and flashing smiles and fading traces of tears; she is no giddy girl, but a strong woman with fine irregular features, large and luminous eyes, broad intelligent forehead, eyebrows so thick and close together that detracting might call her beetle-browed, powerful mouth and chin, fine contralto voice (with an occasional stammer), expression alternately repellent and attractive, but always striking and sincere. No one has ever found her lovely; but there are times when she has a fascination of her own which fairer and more famous singers might envy her; and the friends she makes are as sure to be constant to her as she, for all her occasional roughness and coarseness, is sure to be loyal in the main to the nobler instincts of her kind and the loftier traditions of her sisterhood.

An 'appreciative' critic of the highest rank could, however, have done all this, and if Swinburne had done no more he would deserve Mr. Eliot's stricture. It is something that he should have succeeded in communicating so much of the power of literature so perfectly as he did, but if we would claim more for him as a critic we shall have to go farther and defend the soundness and weight of his judgments: he made many, and would have held himself responsible for all of them. I suppose the impression is general that Swinburne's judgments, being dictated by passion and prejudice, are for the most part unreliable. He had, said Henry James, but two notes, the note of adoration and the note of abuse, and James hinted that there was meretriciousness in both. Put in this conclusive way, the charge is wantonly unjust: Swinburne decidedly had other and more beguiling notes; but this constant recurrence to adoration and abuse is certainly his chief defect as a critic. Both were temperamental, and the first was dictated by his conscious prin-

ciples: for him "the noble pleasure of praising" was the only serious justification for the pursuit of criticism as an art. In justice it should be said that no man ever praised so beautifully or so graciously as Swinburne did at his best, and it is an absurd error to suppose that such praise is an easy thing: let him who thinks so try his own hand at it. Nevertheless, his pleasure in praising was again and again a pitfall; his hedonistic hero-worship led him astray as often as not. There are times when his speech falls into the monotonous liturgical drone of a half-transported priest: his gait becomes reverent and ceremonial and rhythmic like an acolyte's, and the air is heavy and sweet with incense of celebration. In his book on Hugo he is a chorister, not a critic, and in the idolatrous little book on Dickens he is a chorister whose voice, for all its power, has become hoarse and hollow through misuse. When he lapses into invective, as he does frequently, he is more entertaining—he had a genius for vituperation—but quite as untrustworthy. The intrusion into his mind of a hated name, like Euripides, the introduction into the subject of a hated race, like Shakespearean scholars, will send him off into a torrent of intemperate and almost indecent abuse suggestive rather of a splenetic spinster than of a self-possessed critic. The man who wrote *To Walt Whitman in America* so far betrayed his finer impulses, when he wrote the prose essay, *Whitmania*, as to speak of that "strong-winged soul" as "a vehement and emphatic dunce, of incomparable vanity and volubility, inconceivable pretension and incompetence." This is no *saeva indignatio*; it is but silly and senile irascibility, and a critic whose vocabulary is as full as Swinburne's is of words like "quack", "toad", "booby", "numskull", "reptile", "pander", is a critic whose chief positive quality seems at times to be mere excitability.

Candor, indeed, forces one to the admission that an almost hysterical excitability was congenital in Swinburne's critical temper, and that it robs both his enthusiasms and his execrations of the weight that cool-headed admiration and disesteem would have. Not that either his enthusiasms or his execrations are in themselves wrong-headed; his taste is probably as sure and sensitive as any other English critic's, including Hazlitt's; it is the violent exaggeration of almost every strongly felt taste that deprives

it of the soundest authority. But it would be as unjust to leave the matter there as to rule Matthew Arnold out of court for the grotesque misjudgments he notoriously made. In the considerable number of Swinburne's estimates in which strong feeling is not involved, I think an unbiased judgment will credit him with exceptional prudence and acumen. The essays on Chapman and Ford already alluded to are surely as judicious and as trustworthy as criticism can hope to be, and when one considers that Chapman was a stout royalist, one sees that Swinburne could at times suspend his republican ardors. Of this same character are the remarks on most of the Elizabethans (except Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Webster; some would say, Peele and Greene), on Chaucer and Spenser and Dryden, on Wordsworth and Keats, on Scott and Southey. What could be more illuminating than these sentences on Wordsworth lifted almost at random from the essay on Matthew Arnold?—

His pathos for instance cannot be matched against any other man's; it is trenchant and not tender; it is an iron pathos. Take for example the most passionate of his poems, the "Affliction of Margaret"; it is hard and fiery, dry and persistent as the agony of a lonely and a common soul which endures through life, a suffering which runs always in one groove without relief or shift. Because he is dull and dry and hard, when set by the side of a great lyricist or dramatist; because of these faults and defects, he is so intense and irresistible when his iron hand has hold of some chord which it knows how to play upon.

It is so constantly insisted that a man cannot estimate his contemporaries, and so many critics are exonerated from their blunders on this score, that we ought to be willing to honor Swinburne for the extraordinary justice of many of his contemporary judgments. Probably he did less than justice to Carlyle ("the Caledonian coprophile") and to "the bisexual George Eliot": although even here his perspicacity detected what was rancorous in the genius of the one and pedantic in the genius of the other. He may have done more than justice to Rossetti and Tennyson, yet it was rather in outreckoning their rank than in mistaking their quality. The essentially romantic and pas-

sionate nature of Rossetti's poetical genius, the essentially idyllic and picturesque nature of Tennyson's, no critic yet has described more faithfully. Posterity is with him in regarding Dickens as "the greatest Englishman of his generation," its major imaginative writer, and in giving Emily Brontë the supremacy among Victorian novelists for tense and stormy tragic power. I do not know that anyone has ever analyzed more acutely the rugged but irregular genius of Charles Reade, or the ingenious and mechanical talent of Wilkie Collins; and I do not know that any juster tribute has ever been paid to Matthew Arnold's poetry than Swinburne paid it:—

The supreme charm of Mr. Arnold's work is a sense of right resulting in a spontaneous temperance which bears no mark of curb or snaffle, but obeys the hand with imperceptible submission and gracious reserve.

With a recognition of his special qualities and genuine triumphs as a critic, I should be content to leave Swinburne to his fate: I should not myself be curious to assign him to any 'rank'. Yet I recall that he himself said: "What manner of rank a man may hold and what manner of work he may do in that rank, it is the business of criticism to see and say." I recall his own strenuous efforts to establish such exact relations as the supremacy of Webster to Massinger and the corresponding supremacy of Shakespeare to Webster. So great precision I shall not attempt: let it be enough to say that as surely as he is an important and memorable critic, so certainly he is not a great critic. No man achieves that distinction who has not added to the stock of our few fundamental notions about literature and its relations to life, who has not penetrated to something central and final and definitive in literary theory. The highest function of the critic is as much moral as it is æsthetic, and Swinburne's criticism is exclusively æsthetic. One searches in it in vain for those fresh constructive ideas which in some men's criticism have most justified the adjective 'creative'; one comes nearest to it in his pamphlet, *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, with its mettlesome defence of the autonomy of literature and its attack on the purity-mongers: yet even this is polemical in the lower

rather than in the higher sense. "Il n'a rien découvert," said Madame de Staël of Rousseau, "il a tout enflammé": and the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, could be said more justly of Swinburne. The rôle of the critic which allies him with the prophet is a rôle which Swinburne never fills, and if only for this reason he is not in the rank of Ruskin and Arnold. In the rank which includes Lamb and Pater and Saintsbury, however, he stands very high indeed, and when readers come back to his criticism, as sooner or later they are bound to do, it will be recognized how high that is.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

DAISIES

She took the orchids in her hands, then delicately smelled them
With exquisite sense: so, standing by the red hearth, held them.

It seemed the ghost of zephyrs she inhaled. It was a wind
That entered her, and razed a score of cities in her mind,

And swung a pasture-gate ajar—where a young heifer lazes,
And two young lovers wave their hands across a field of daisies.

HENRY BARNETT.

Kobe, Japan.

BISHOP GORE, A LEADER OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The appearance of Bishop Gore's latest work, *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, marks the completion of that remarkable triad of books which are the culmination of the work of a lifetime. Their general aim and purpose is indicated by their title, *The Reconstruction of Belief*. This phrase expresses the relation which this work of Dr. Gore sustains to the religious thought of our time. He finds, as he surveys the situation, that there is pressing and urgent need for *constructive religious thinking*. Amid the currents and cross-currents of religious thought and speculation to-day, there are great confusion and perplexity. While there are much carelessness and irresponsibility on the part of writers and speakers, yet there is also a widespread interest in religious questions and problems. As Bishop Gore says in the Preface to *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, it is to those people to whom religious thinking is the matter of supreme interest that these volumes are addressed. To quote his own words: "There is still a large number of men and women, young or old, for whom the questions of 'divinity' are the most interesting and important of all questions, and it is in their interest that these volumes on *The Reconstruction of Belief* have been written." Bishop Gore's aim is therefore seen to be distinctly a practical one: it is to help those who, amid the shifting currents of present-day thought and speculation, find themselves bewildered, and are looking for help and guidance. And the distinguished author is a man well qualified, alike by the gifts of nature and of grace, to afford such guidance and help. He is widely recognized as a man of intense earnestness and sincerity, as well as of marked candor and fairness of mind. While theology is the interest that lies nearest his heart, he possesses in an eminent degree the judicial temperament. He is, moreover, a veteran theologian, and may fairly be said to be the most distinguished Anglican writer and thinker of the present day.

Since the publication of *Lux Mundi*, now more than a generation ago, Charles Gore has been a marked and an important factor in the religious thought of his time. He has kept the theological aim steadily before him. Lecturing, writing, preaching, he has been tireless through all these years,—“without haste and without rest.” And yet the theological interest has not by any means engrossed his whole life or his entire effort. He has held distinguished positions in the Church of England. From Principal of Pusey House, Oxford, he has been elevated successively to the Sees of Worcester, Birmingham and Oxford. He has occupied his seat in the House of Lords, and has taken part in legislation for England and for the Empire. He has always shown a marked interest in the questions and problems of economics and of social justice, and in the application of Christianity to these problems. In the programme of the ‘Copec’ conference recently held in Birmingham, the name of Bishop Gore appeared as closing speaker at the session which dealt with the report of the commission on “Industry and Property”. In a recent number of *The Guardian* (April 4th, Supplement) it is said that Henry Scott-Holland and Charles Gore were honored, as no others in the English Church, in the great industrial centres. “But for them, and one or two more, Labour’s revolt against the Church would have been intensified a hundredfold.” Still bringing forth abundant fruit in his old age, Bishop Gore is an example and an inspiration to younger men, as he has been since, with the appearance of *Lux Mundi*, he stepped into the leadership of the younger school of Oxford High-churchmen.

We can now see Dr. Gore in his perspective: he stands in the historic succession of great Anglican leaders and constructive thinkers;—that line which includes the names of Dr. Pusey, Dean Church and Canon Liddon. He broke away from the tradition of Pusey and of Liddon, it is true, as to the infallibility of Holy Scripture,—greatly to Liddon’s distress. Nevertheless, I think it is clear that substantially and in the main, Charles Gore has been true to that Anglican tradition which sets Holy Scripture in the forefront among the foundations of religious belief. He is definitely a Scriptural theologian. The

importance of this lies in the fact that what is Divine Revelation is to be determined primarily by the appeal to Holy Scripture; and that means to the Sacred Writings of the Old Covenant, as well as to those of the New. In Bishop Gore's own language:—

The conception of God which dominates the Old Testament and which we owe to the Hebrew prophets, and which reaches its fullest expression through Jesus Christ and the mission of the Holy Spirit, reposes upon a real self-disclosure of God, which is to be received in faith as His word.¹

To this thought he recurs again and again; this is in fact his main affirmation. Bishop Gore is, then, to be recognized as eminently a Scriptural theologian, and herein, I believe, lies his greatest strength. Yet he is at the same time a thinker, as well as an ecclesiastic; with him it is not by any means a case of "the Bible, and the Bible only."

At the time of the 'Briggs controversy',—about the time of the appearance of *Lux Mundi*—Dr. Briggs brought to the front as the main sources of belief in matters of religion: the Bible, the Church, and the Reason. One may cite several well-known names of men who stand out as exponents of one or another of these factors in our religious experience and thinking. First, there is the Rationalist,—the man who gives chief place in his thinking to the human reason. To him, in matters of religion, as in all other matters, his own mind and conscience are the ultimate court of appeal. If he lays chief stress upon the *intellectual* aspect of things, he is a philosopher; if on the *practical* side, he is a moralist. I should say that the distinguished Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Inge, is an example of the first class of rationalists—the philosophers—and that the late Benjamin Jowett and the Dean of Carlisle (just now deceased), Dr. Rashdall, were examples of the second class of rationalistic thinkers—the moralists. On the side of the ecclesiastics—the men who base their appeal mainly upon Church authority and tradition—the most distinguished example, whether in America or in England to-day, is, I suppose, Professor Francis J. Hall, of the General Theological Seminary.

¹ *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, p. 282.

But Bishop Gore belongs to no one of these classes. He is not to be classed strictly either with the traditionalists or with the modernists, although he has definite sympathies with them both. Rather, he is in line with the normal, Anglican 'tradition', with that normal course of teaching which, since the days of the Reformation, has based its appeal mainly on Holy Scripture as interpreted by the faith and practice of the Church in the early centuries, before the great Schism which divided Greek from Latin Catholicism. The fundamental appeal is to Scripture and to the early Church.

And yet Dr. Gore does not wish to put forward this appeal irrespective of the claims of thought and criticism. Indeed, he addresses at the outset the individual reason and judgment, postponing the question of authority to the latter part of his argument. He concedes to everyone the right to think freely; indeed, he emphasizes this as a primary duty and necessity. Everyone has the right, and should exercise the right to think for himself, and to come to his own conclusions. These are his words:—

It is, as I contend at length in this volume, quite a false view of authority which represents it as precluding free enquiry. It is our intellectual duty and responsibility to think freely. In recent times a vast deal of language has been used which presents the position of tradition as opposed to the position of reason and criticism—as if we had to choose between authority and reason. The best way to show that this is not the case is to abstain from all appeal to authority and to show that the construction which best responds to all the evidence is a construction which is, in its general effect and in all its main lines, conservative of tradition. For this free appeal to reason and criticism there is precedent of the most weighty kind in some of the greatest names among the theologians of the Church.

There is, of course, a risk in thinking freely. Free thinking, free criticism, may lead us away from the faith. And I cannot deny that at the last resort it is a man's duty to follow his conscience and reason even if they lead him (as I think) widely astray. And I believe that, as God is good, for such a man the way of reason and conscience sincerely and faithfully followed will be ultimately the way to the light. Of course a minister of the Christian religion who, by thinking freely, is led by irresistible conviction outside

the central tradition of the faith he was ordained to maintain, must cease to hold office as a minister of the Church. None the less, he is morally bound to follow his personal convictions. I cannot deny this. But I believe that the main reason, intellectually speaking, why so many men have been led (as I think) astray in their personal convictions on religious subjects, is because the Church has appeared to them not to be encouraging free thinking or criticism. It has been asking for an irrational submission. And I think that the best service that a student can do for the faith is to show that the conclusions which are the most probable, on the evidence freely examined, are the conclusions which are embodied in the Creed of the Church.²

It will be seen from these words that Bishop Gore would give free play—some would say that he gives rather too free play—to human reason in matters of religious faith. But he certainly puts every man on his honor to think not only freely, but sincerely and earnestly, and in his thinking to give full consideration to the truth in its highest aspects and in all its bearings; emphasizing the fact that spiritual truth—the truth about God—is the highest truth of all; that it is of all the truth the most urgent in its claims upon man's consideration. Dr. Gore reserves his appeal to Church and Scriptural authority until the latter part of his argument: that is, to the second half of his third volume.

The difference in method and emphasis in dealing with this question of authority, as between Bishop Gore and that representative Anglo-Catholic theologian, Dr. F. J. Hall, becomes very evident when we look at the order of treatment in Hall's great work on *Dogmatic Theology*, in ten volumes. In the first volume, entitled *Introduction*, Professor Hall deals with general considerations on Theology as a science; and then, in his second volume, proceeds to deal with *Authority, Ecclesiastical and Biblical*, placing the main emphasis on the ecclesiastical aspect of Authority. Thus, before proceeding to consider any of the great articles of Faith, such as the Being and attributes of God, the Trinity and the Incarnation, Dr. Hall first of all is careful to lay a firm foundation of authority. Revelation, to him, is interpreted first of all by the Church; it comes to the indi-

² Preface to *The Holy Spirit and the Church*, pp. vi., vii.

vidual through the medium of the Church. In this attitude and presupposition, the Anglo-Catholicism of our day shows itself as the twin sister of Roman Catholicism. But this is not exactly Dr. Gore's attitude, nor is it quite his presupposition. His main purpose is, in fact, apologetic rather than dogmatic. He desires to take full account of the difficulties which lie in the pathway of faith to-day, and in dealing with these difficulties he is not content simply to fall back upon the authority of the Church. But this does not mean that he overlooks or minimizes the importance of authority, in one form or another, as a factor in the process by which we are led to religious faith.

Almost all men, in some sense come to believe, whether about nature or about God, on authority of some sort and by various kinds of emotional and moral attractions. But, however we come to believe, the test of the rationality of our faith lies in its submission to the light of reason and history. . . . It is our intellectual duty and responsibility to think freely.³

Although a High-churchman, emphasizing the necessity of the Apostolic succession for a valid ministry in the Church, Bishop Gore is not identified with the Anglo-Catholic party. Nor, on the other hand, although recognizing to the full the claims of reason and critical intelligence, can he be classed as a partisan modernist. He has affiliations with both sides; yet he is not committed to either. Rather he stands as an exponent of the main stream of Anglican tradition. In him we see exemplified the fair-mindedness, the reverence, the comprehensiveness of view, the loyalty to Scripture and to the early Catholicism, which (in spite of all its faults) still characterize, as they always have characterized, that section of Christianity known as the Anglican Communion.

There is no space herein to deal with special matters contained in these three books of Bishop Gore's trilogy. Indeed, to discuss adequately even one of these three really great books would be an undertaking far too ambitious for a short article. Bishop Gore's conception of the Church is intensely spiritual. He sees, he is painfully aware of the contrast between the Church as it is

³*Ibid.*, p. vi.

and the Church as it *ought to be*: between the Church as *actual* and the Church as *ideal*. As setting forth his intellectual position, and at the same time as indicating the reverence of his spiritual attitude and temper, one can do no better than quote his own words at the close of this, his latest volume:—

It will have been evident that the writer of this book is very much alive to the faulty character of all parts of the Catholic Church. Certainly where he says *I believe in the Holy Catholic Church*, he means with St. Thomas *I believe in the Holy Spirit vivifying the Church*. For underlying all laxities, defects, exaggerations and unworthy accommodations to the world, of which Church history is so lamentably full, there is a divine movement, of which the Church Catholic is the organ, which had its beginning in the call of Abraham and the redemption of Israel, and its consummation in our Lord and the mission of His Spirit, and has had its development in all the history of the Church. To the faith on which this movement rests the saints of every generation and country are the witnesses, and with it the moral and spiritual hopes of humanity are bound up. There are many of us who are at times tempted to disloyalty or assailed by doubt. "Yea," we cry with the psalmist, "I had almost said even as they"—the adversaries and the sceptics: "but lo, then I should have condemned the generation of thy children." That is the true reply in all such temptations. I cannot repudiate the fellowship of the children of God, or forget the great cloud of witnesses who watch how I play my part in the great conflict.

It should seem
Impossible for me to fail—so watched.

Nor, while we labour and pray for the restoration of visible unity—"the bond of peace"—among the divided sections of Christ's Church on earth, shall we ever suffer ourselves to forget that the actual principle of unity in the Church is the Holy Spirit; and though our divisions lamentably mar the exhibition of that unity to the world, they are not deep enough to extinguish it. For in spite of them, and beneath them, He is at work binding all the members of the one body who are still on earth into union with their Lord in heaven and with the whole company of the faithful in the heavenly places.

WILLIAM SAMUEL BISHOP,

Washington, D. C.

JANE AUSTEN

(Concluded)

That *Pride and Prejudice*, the first completed tale, and the first, we shall assume from interior evidence, that was written with all its original spontaneity from start to finish, marks the floodtide of its author's genius, is never denied. We may prefer one or other of her books for special reasons, and many do. *Northanger Abbey* for its delicious excitation out of nothing, *Mansfield Park* for its good story and psychological interest, *Emma* for its sly humor and genial atmosphere, *Persuasion* for the ripest and sweetest issue of her experience and reflection, and the most moving of her creations—each of these has a special circle of admirers, but the place of *Pride and Prejudice* remains unchallenged for its copious charm and brilliancy and the large and varied number of its characters, each perfect in its kind. And not one of them could be omitted without some loss, although Austin Dobson thought that two of the Bennet girls could be spared from the scene. Perhaps that eccentric humorist, their father, would have agreed to this—but Jane Austen knew better. It needed the five daughters to bring about that father's utter disillusion, and end his hopes of an heir. It needed Mary, whose place in the family is certainly the least congruous, to complete her father's self-knowledge, for although he might spiritually disown the two youngest of his offspring, there was just that humiliating resemblance to himself in the middle daughter that should prevent him from putting all the blame of her stupidity upon his wife. Mary is too much like Mr. Collins, the relative of *his* side of the house, for him not to recognize whence she gets her prosy sententiousness, and she is providentially placed between her two charming and her two tiresomely silly sisters for his further goading. Lydia is, of course, indispensable to the plot, and Kitty is necessary to accompany her in pursuit of the officers, a form of industry which otherwise must have been checked at least and perhaps denied. The economy of Jane Austen is never at fault.

Pride and Prejudice is a triumphant book. It is the immortal, spirited reply to the insult of *The Taming of the Shrew* which

feminists have unaccountably overlooked. For brute force in the male is both symbolized and matched by the power of physical beauty in the female, and it was beauty which had vanquished the haughty Darcy, as he with unconscious masculine insolence explained in that wonderful chapter of the proposal. The spirit of Elizabeth resented the imputation that her conquest was primitive as much as she would have resented being conquered herself by force, and she spurned him adequately. There is not in all fiction a situation which so admirably sets forth the true relation of the sexes, and true to her passion for relief and moderation Jane Austen makes Elizabeth, in her hour of triumph and success, detract from it and assert an essential equality in their fault and weakness, an admission which rounds the story off symmetrically. Thus honors are easy! Elizabeth is entirely delightful and human—but while this has been said of scores of her lovers, few women seem to have noticed the special claim she has to the gratitude of her sex. She denied the power of the primitive—she conquered as a soul, not as an animal, and conquering thus she made something fine of Darcy, which in turn conquered her.

This is the secret of the book's hold over the suffrages of all who read it, but the deeper theme is overlaid by the brilliancy of the whole performance—indeed, that there is any depth at all in Jane Austen is too frequently forgotten, so slight are the occasions on which it is manifest. It is possible that she builded better than she knew in this. Certainly, the creative mood in her had its springtide in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Next to the all-conquering Elizabeth the most interesting character is Mr. Bennet. He is often misunderstood and thus comparatively unappreciated, never more so than by the illustrators, whose portrayal of him in one instance at least, that by Charles E. Brock, ought not to be forgiven. For Mr. Bennet was *not* a rotund, perky 'gent', with the upturned nose of conceit as represented by this misguided artist in a spirit of levity; he was a particularly clever man, with a good deal of sensibility, who has been turned into an eccentric humorist by the fact that he has made a fool of himself in matrimony, and the further facts that he has five daughters and that his property is entailed, as Mrs. Bennet never lets him forget, 'on a cousin'. He would be a tragic

figure, very likely, but for his saving grace of humor, which he uses as unsparingly as he and his wife used their means in those early years when a son was five times expected. He has compromised with life, and, as his conduct showed, when his youngest daughter brought disgrace upon the family, had so tempted himself that he could no longer think reasonably in an emergency or act with decision. Assuredly Mr. Bennet is nowhere near to touching farce. He was paralyzed by his own wit, but we forgive him, since he never opens his mouth but to delight us. His true character comes out subtly when Darcy has 'spoken to him' for Elizabeth, who, he fears, is being dazzled by Pemberley, and a further revelation is made, too, of Elizabeth which is pertinent. There are those who do not quite perceive how very feminine she is for all her clever understanding, or how very susceptible, although they have seen her captivated, temporarily by Wickham, and ready to be so by Fitzwilliam. But her father understands her, and in the circumstances his entreaty that Elizabeth shall not marry for money and position, and his assurance that her temperament will render her unsafe in such a situation, read rather nobly and fatherly. His humor fails him in face of any such calamity as has befallen himself by his own imprudence, and Lydia through his indolence, happening to his favorite 'little Lizzie'.

Nothing can be made by the most assiduous of investigators of the period between the completion of *Pride and Prejudice* and the renewal of literary production, in 1812. It must be remembered that none of the first three books was considered by Miss Austen as ready for the press until after nearly thirteen years she had recast or revised them all. But her last three novels were produced with rapidity and apparently with more instant satisfaction, although it is difficult to think that she had felt a necessity to alter much in *Pride and Prejudice* beyond its title, which had been *First Impressions*. Yet rapid as was her production, and organic as was her style despite the hiatus between first production and later finish, in the case of the first three, there is no sameness in the six novels, each of which has a distinct character and atmosphere, a something which in a living being we call personality. To this atmosphere Jane Austen,

although she has herself created it, falls a captive. She loses herself in her work as Shakespeare did; although not in the same way or to the same degree, yet more so than any other English novelist. You can find Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith and Hardy, but you cannot find Jane—she is different in each of her books, affected by the social atmosphere and by some of her characters.

Mansfield Park is a particular example. It is a departure in plan, in the first place, from her usual practice, which is to confine the events she has to narrate within the space of a few months, or at most a year or two. Here she tells a biographical story, in the spirit, if not in the manner, of our contemporary novelists and with the same attempt to exhibit development. Fanny Price is not a sister to any of the bright girls Jane Austen wishes to depict: indeed, many people do not much like her, and some, without taking the trouble to find out why she provokes, declare that Miss Austen did not create but borrowed her. No greater mistake could be made than this, for Fanny is a genuine creation, and is depicted with penetrating skill, so artistically displayed that its psychological value is not recognized. We see a child torn away from its home, suffering unconsciously, no doubt, from the sense, first, of thus being given up by those who should by nature have cherished her, and then by the sense of being unwanted and disregarded. Nor is this all, for Mrs. Norris has for her niece one of those unaccountable and irrational grudges which are so common in real life. In a measure her creator explains her, but as in all cases of great creativeness something is beyond the expression of the artist. How else are we to view that true devotion of this detestable woman which makes her, at the end of the book, choose to share her favorite Maria's life of dull, ignominious retirement? Jane does not understand it herself: she simply chronicles the fact and its cheerful effect upon the family, left in peace.

The chief element in the unwonted seriousness of the book is the character of Sir Thomas Bertram, the most successfully presented 'heavy father' in British fiction, not a shade overdrawn in his depressing influence, his dignity, his solemnity, his autocracy, but nothing left undepicted of his real worth, his excellent principles and manners, his kind intentions and often intelligent

carrying out of them. Everybody is afraid of Sir Thomas, even Jane herself, who loses all her power of humor in writing the book which has for its main theme the gloom he distributes, in various degrees, among his attached relatives, and which in the last degree descends upon his poor little adopted niece.

But psychology amply expresses itself. Not only is Fanny with her uniformly depressed vitality; her occasional faintness and frequent headaches; her secretive and observant ways; her tenacity of feelings, of both love and dislike, exactly what one should expect from such an early shock and untoward rearing; but other characters are outstanding examples of a more than usually keen and delicate synthesis. The Crawfords, sister and brother, are so remarkably differentiated in their worldliness from her usual prudent folk, that they alone are a refutation of the charge that Miss Austen was a worldling. Their undoubted culture and charm persuade us in spite of ourselves into liking them, but both are exposed without the slightest indulgence as without artificiality, resentment or mockery, and after that it would be strange if anybody failed to understand where the line is drawn with Jane Austen.

Very psychological, too, is the change which takes place in Fanny through her return to Plymouth for a time. She then and there casts off her excessive neuroticism and becomes normal. We are not told so, but we see the change taking place. No one can believe that she would have married Henry Crawford, although her creator admits the possibility; she had discovered roots in herself that were planted in Mansfield Park, she could have been almost happy there henceforth, even had Edmund married Mary Crawford. But having seen through Mary's brother as suffering had given her vision, Fanny would not have married him. Her fear had been dissipated, the enemy of her existence had been overthrown, and she was mistress of herself.

Whatever may have been the cause, whether personal or artistic, of the exceptional seriousness and moralization of *Mansfield Park*, all Miss Austen's native vivacity has returned for *Emma*, and it is in this novel—the prime favorite with a great many of her readers—that her humor shines, as English humor ought to, rather than glitters. It is simply impregnated

with that precious quality, only one character—Jane Fairfax—being exempt from its effect, for the most part kindly and tolerant. Emma herself is a glorious example of what may be done to endear a character of such outstanding faults, faults which presented in any other way than this would certainly prejudice one against her. She is conceited, she is mischievous, she is an arrant little snob. And yet we understand her, see her many fine qualities—there is no one more considerate when she chooses to be so, no one more generous both in fact and in that truer and rarer generosity which can see mistakes and be frankly rebuked for them without being offended—and forgive her for everything, as do those she has hurt or offended. Her self-deceptions are among the most amusing things in fiction, but indeed the various illusions and delusions, the play of drawing the red herring across the pond, of intrigue on no foundation, of interference and objection, from motives all unsuspected while watching for the motives of others, is in the highest style of comedy, the more so that the heroine and hero, the confident, adventurously scheming Emma, and the no less confident, determined, but single-minded and sensible Knightley are as amusingly inconsistent as the rest. The change in Knightley regarding Frank Churchill, when he discovers that Jane Fairfax and not his own fondly loved lady of indiscretions, is the object of his pursuit, is delightfully human. The richest field of humor, nature breaking down in places thought by its possessor as invulnerable and unchangeable, is exploited all through this book in a most racy way, although with characteristic demureness and a geniality absent from previous works. The fools of *Emma* are more lovable than their predecessors; perhaps, like most lovable fools, they are tedious, but that makes them more real, and the genuine patience and good manners of those who suffer them gladly the more distinguished. Harriet Smith, with her so easily transferred affections—yet not so really transferred, for it is clear to those who read intelligently that she loved her farmer all the while and was happiest in his set—is a delicious and original creation, with developing sense, too, refusing to 'stay put' in the end. Her meek rebellion against Emma and temporary obsession with Knightley is one of the best things in the book.

It is the fine shading in *Emma* which places it first in the affections of so many. Averse as was Miss Austen to extremes, she nowhere exhibits her leading characteristic so perfectly as in this book, where nobody is allowed to be thoroughly good or heroic or bad, or even sensible and consistent. The art which can present a thoughtless and not greatly principled young man hardly differing from the villains of her previous works, Willoughby and Henry Crawford, in a guise suitable for the second hero, has attained maturity. It would almost seem as if in *Emma* the author were bent on re-creating some of the earlier characters, too sharply delineated, for there is not a little resemblance between Henry Knightley and Mr. Palmer, in their unsocial ways and moody tempers, in which the former is shown with more definite explanatory conditions; and Mrs. Elton must surely have been a cousin in some not remote degree of the 'catty' Miss Lucy Steele, although not so simply feline. One is tempted to linger over every single person in this society of clearly discernible human beings, from the most important principals who dominate the scene and who would like to manage the lives and destinies therein down to the very least who cross and recross it, even to Mr. Perry, so often quoted but never visible to the flesh. How beautifully balanced are the two governesses (past and future) and how perfectly does Jane Austen deal with that once persistent type of English fiction, judicially displaying against the sad and bitter figure of the accepted formula the more reasonable one of a not unusual experience. Jane Fairfax is very bitter and resentful; she is indeed the only shadow on the geniality of Emma, but the cause is great, and although we can never understand Mr. Knightley's excessive partiality for her, and think he put it on only to chasten the conceit of his beloved Emma, Emma's repulsion was certainly caused by that, and her rudeness was the result of a secret jealousy.

A ladies' school, several servants of individuality, and children, drawn with a gentleness that should have softened Mrs. Meynell, contribute to the variety of this entertaining book, which, without the sentimentality of *Cranford*, and with so much greater force and content, has no other rival as representing that most characteristic type of modern civilization, the small town.

"Highbury, that airy, cheerful happy-looking Highbury," is to us as to Frank Churchill, "a constant attraction." So is Highbury's society leader, Miss Woodhouse, and so is the brusque, manly Knightley, nor do we believe with Lord Brabourne that he and Emma will not get on together. They understand each other perfectly and will enjoy their little frictions. As for the final catastrophe which brings about their marriage, the robbing of Mrs. Weston's turkey-house and the consequent nervousness of poor old Mr. Woodhouse at being without a stout male protector, it is a conception so brilliant that Jane Austen must have hugged herself when it came to her!

And the fine shading of character so conspicuous in *Emma* is matched by another form of delicate discrimination less often noticed, the differentiation of matters of etiquette and social habit in groups of people who are all of much the same social position, but who live in different parts of the country, near or far from the metropolis, or in other ways are subject to special conditions. Emma has often been quoted as an instance of the absurd conventionalities of her time: she found it 'unpleasant' to walk alone the half-mile between Hartfield and Randalls, and from this fact is deduced a general rule which certainly did not prevail where the Dashwoods, the Bennets, the Bertrams or the Morlands lived, nor does Anne Elliot make any demur about taking much longer strolls by herself. The young ladies of Jane Austen's era were indeed much freer than their Victorian descendants. Witness the fact that Catherine Morland was permitted to visit a family who were perfect strangers to her own, and that she singly travelled back,—of necessity, it is true, and by an outrageous violation of hospitality on the part of General Tilney, yet without it being considered strikingly unusual. How almost unchaperoned, although they had a mother, were the Dashwoods while that mother felt it intrusive to try to find out if seventeen-year-old Marianne was really engaged to Willoughby. The Bennets, of course, were brought up badly, and should not be cited, but Emma's liberty was never curtailed and this matter of the walks can easily be explained. Highbury was but sixteen miles from London, and at the beginning of the last century the country about it was certainly at times un-

safe from the crowds of vicious people let loose without employment after the war. In writing, Jane Austen had before her a constant and vivid sense not only of her characters but of their surroundings and situations, which she seldom takes pains to describe but to the sympathetic reader are imaginable. Thus the whole tone of *Pride and Prejudice*, whose scene is laid near a garrison town, differs from that of *Mansfield Park*, where reside people of strict and exclusive manners; or *Sense and Sensibility*, the action of which is placed in hospitable, distant Devon. Jane Austen's acute sense of these minute shades in surroundings goes beyond that of any other novelist; and arises from her finely fruitful imagination, which created far more than she found it necessary to express. When someone noted that the suppers at Laybourne were rather unnecessary after the dinners, she replied that she supposed 'Mrs. Bennet had not been able to give up *her old Meryton habits*.' Evidently she had gone back of the present situation in creating Mrs. Bennet, the daughter of a Meryton attorney, of a set socially inferior to that of her husband. And there are a hundred minute differences in the ways of the different families who make up her world which might all be traced to their several causes, often local.

It is in *Emma* that we feel the inadequacy of the simile, the "little bit of ivory", as applied to Miss Austen's delicate work, although she invented and applied it herself and although it has been quoted by almost every critic of her work ever since, with complete acquiescence. The miniature on ivory, with its always fictitious grace and idealization does not seem, somehow, to represent her work. If we must go to another art to explain hers, she wielded a burin, not a brush, and there is far more resemblance in her representations to the steel engravings which used to decorate our choice books than to the daintier but less realistic productions of the miniaturists. Miss Austen is not dainty, although she is fine, and it can hardly be too often repeated, because the opposite is so often implied if not stated outright, that there is not the slightest taint of unreality in her faithful imagination. Those who have loved and still love the best productions of steel engraving will perceive this nearer

resemblance, although in Miss Austen's day that art had not attained its zenith in application to just such domestic scenes as those she took as her own field. But when we come to her last novel all such analogies must be put aside, for neither the burin nor the brush is accountable for *Persuasion*.

In this final work of her genius Jane Austen ventures a little way from the shore. It would almost seem as if she were drawn onwards by her most adorable heroine—it would hardly be too much to say the most adorable heroine in English fiction—Anne Elliot. The art of this book is found, on examination, to be as good as ever, but the art is forgotten in the surprising advance of imagination, in its divining, not its shaping force. The theme differs in no essential point from that of the preceding novels: again it is love, with its complications, delays and difficulties, and love seeking a perfect settlement. But both the love and the settlement are shown in a new way.

There is a certain resemblance in the theme between the situations of Fanny Price and Anne Elliot: there is the same lack of domestic love in their lives, the same blindness to their worth is shown by most of their relatives and friends, and each has to suffer the pangs of unrequited love. But there the likeness ends. The hopeless passion which preys on the nature of the one and drives her into a solitude and intensity of heart that repels by a kind of wounded instinct every outside advance, increases the other's magnanimity and makes her respond to the one least worthy of her regard. The psychology in each case is sound. That of Fanny Price has been indicated: Anne had known a good mother's love at the age when the character in some respects is made or marred, and she was not afraid to love. She had loved, too, in the supreme way, and known what it was to be loved in return, and she had lost her choice blessing through her own fault, even if she could not admit it to have been a moral fault.

It is in the question of that 'persuasion' that for once Jane Austen's grasp is less certain than usual. She wants to remain the same sensible, clear-minded observer of life that she has always been, but this story is a departure, and this heroine visibly runs away with her. She tries hard to repeat with her old con-

viction that, given time and occasion for the old love to be off, a new one will take its place, but she cannot accomplish it. As we could not believe that Fanny Price would have married Henry Crawford, still less can we listen to the suggestion that Anne Elliot would have married anybody but the man whose love she had known and not merely coveted. Nor can we believe that Anne in her heart forgave herself for sending him away at the persuasion of so stupid, if so attached a woman, as Lady Russell. Anne was less generous in her final triumph than was Elizabeth in hers, and it is hardly understandable, except for the suspicion that it was her creator who would not let her give in lest it should undermine the chief tenet of her creed.

Certainly Anne Elliot was running away with the prudent Jane Austen! Never before has she been wistful or unaware, but she is so now. There is a feeling, not only in Anne herself, but apparent throughout the book, which has before only been implicit, there is even a touch of poetry in places, although rather suggested than expressed. It would seem as if a new vista had opened before Jane, which, against her will, she was being drawn towards before she had selected her tools, a vista which the burin would be incapable of reproducing. She had not the passion for great revelations of our common nature: as she did not hear the rumblings neither could she see the rainbows. But there are two movements in *Persuasion* which distinctly witness to a change that was taking place in her—perhaps because she was physically declining, and the world she so intensely savored was losing a little of its hold—light coming in 'through chinks' which illness more than 'time' had made.

The first is a considerably altered attitude towards restricted means, if not to poverty itself. She has always disliked poverty, coupling it with a deterioration in manners and habits. In *Mansfield Park* she has made perfectly clear that this and not love of luxury and display is the reason for her determined antipathy. But in *Persuasion* she seems to hover with a kind of surprised appreciation over the conditions she has hitherto shuddered at: the small room becomes a chance for making 'ingenious contrivances and nice arrangements', there is a 'bewitching charm' in the free and easy ways of those who are too

poor to keep up appearances. She apparently perceives how plain living can be an aid to high thinking instead of making it impossible. She goes farther even than this, for in the situation of Anne's old schoolfellow, much lower and more forlorn than that of the Harvilles, she takes pains to show its brighter side and to blame the worldly friends of her heroine who were shocked at her keeping up with so equivocal an acquaintance—for Mrs. Smith had been connected, at least, with persons of shady reputation and far from exemplary character. How astonished would Sir Thomas Bertram have been had Fanny owned to such an acquaintance, nor would Fanny have found anything in common with the gallant lady whom Anne counted as one of her two friends.

Her two friends! This suggests the second and even more striking change in Miss Austen, her extension of sentiment and feeling beyond the orthodox, natural relations; her recognition with almost an air of fresh surprise of the place that friendship should occupy in normal people's lives. Her first literary production was entitled *Love and Freindship*, but 'freindship' has hitherto kept very much in the background and played a very inconspicuous part in her stories. Indeed, so far, it has never really been friendship at all that has passed by that name. The circle in Devonshire was composed of individuals flung together in an indiscriminate manner, generally indifferent to one another, or held by some bond other than choice. Nor was there real friendship in *Pride and Prejudice*, for Darcy felt himself vastly superior to Bingley, and the basis of their union was his own power over the weaker man; while Elizabeth and Charlotte Lucas were certain to drift entirely apart by causes similar to those which had kept them together. In *Northanger Abbey* friendship is in evidence from several points of view, none of them quite satisfactory, but we do find indications that 'steady affection' existed between the Morlands as a family and the Allens, and the sort of contacts here really come nearer the mark. Mrs. Morland assuredly thought they amounted to friendship, and lectured her 'sad, little shatter-brained' daughter on the danger of forgetting her happiness in possessing such 'steady well-wishers', while General Tilney, as we know, built extravagantly upon

this friendship as a source of future emolument to his destined daughter-in-law. Still, we feel that something more than this is needed for the full ideal, and we do not get a hint of it yet. Not even in *Emma*, although neighborliness abounds in Highbury, and even intimacy among three of the principal houses. Emma's affection for her former governess, however, is more filial than freindly, and there is no common bond of union among the men, but a liking born mainly of propinquity.

In *Persuasion* we meet for the first time with *friends*. "I would bring anything from the world's end for Harville if he wanted it," says Frederick Wentworth, and we are almost startled at the sound of anything so frank and unreserved from a hero of Jane Austen's, said, too, with cool, everyday composure. Friendship, the extension of feeling from the family circle, the union of two people in an equal, disinterested attachment founded on similarity of tastes and community of interests, like marriage, yet without sexual attraction—this is the first note we hear of it. How it fascinated Anne Elliot, and how she longed herself for such relationships! It was the one drop of bitter in her cup of bliss, at the end, that in return for all these new friends she was making through her marriage she had only two to give her sailor-lover.

Love itself takes on a new ideal as friendship is allowed to exist with it side by side. Anne has none of the primitive woman's jealousy of her husband's old friends. Charles Lamb would never have had her 'staring way' to complain of had he known Captain Wentworth 'in the old days'; she did not try to 'new mint' his former associates, but took them gladly to her gentle heart. She counted her husband's circle of intimates as a part of her new-born happiness. It is an educated point of view, illustrated by that pleasant couple, the Crofts, who are comrades as well as married lovers, and it is a new point of view at the time. Is it not possible that, having the germ of the character of Anne Elliot in her mind, Jane Austen herself grew larger in heart and mind as it developed? She declared that Anne was too good for her, by which she confessed that she was thinking new and greater thoughts as she evolved this, the only *touching* work of her genius.

It finishes in a new way, too. Hitherto we have seen the happy bride depart to a home if not of grandeur as Elizabeth did to Pemberley, yet of comfort and security—above all, security.

To be safe has been the end and all of these diversions into sensible and regulated romance—to be safely married and established. But to her sweetest heroine is given with what we must conceive to be the greatest happiness possible—her former sorrows would make that certain if her own nature did not—a destiny that is in complete contrast to that of all her sister heroines. "She gloried in being a sailor's wife, but she must pay the tax of quick alarm for belonging to that profession which is, if possible, more distinguished in its domestic virtues than in its national importance."

So ends the story—in that human uncertainty that is truer to the facts of life than wedding-bells. No one has ever known better than Jane Austen both how to begin and how to end a tale, but this ending is more than usually significant—it seems to round her record. In that high compliment to the British navy, while she adheres with tenacity to her lifelong principles and theme, she emerges for a moment as a patriot, after all. While preserving her moderation and good form she allows herself to be spontaneously generous in praise. And the uplifting suggestion of the faith, the courage and the devotion of her loveliest heroine is conveyed in a phrase whose idealism tinctures at the last the artistic worth and the abounding humor which make this woman one of the magnates of imagination, one of the glories of our literature.

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DANTE AND THE ORIENT

All stories, followed backwards with the requisite patience, take us ultimately to the world's beginnings. The tracing of literary sources is like tracking the waters of some complex river system,—Nile, or Ganges, or Amazon. Before we realize the extent of our excursion, we find ourselves among strange scenes, groping our way hesitatingly, tentatively, yet with a peculiar sense of exhilaration through unanticipated jungles, climbing mountain-peaks unseen at the start, wandering farther and farther from the point of departure. We are seeking, so we persuade ourselves, "the dragon-wardered fountains where the springs of knowledge are." In many cases the search alone is the reward for the enterprise and patience of the seeker, but there are notable instances in which for the result's sake also it is proved well worth while to link up the thought of the generations and to show the extent to which the mind of a great artist may be indebted to creditors beyond its own ken.

The study of Dante is an example of this sort. It might with reason be supposed that the commentators of six centuries had done everything that was possible to illuminate those deep caverns of human memory whence the immortal Florentine drew the material for the making of the *Divina Commedia*. European literature, from the tomes of mystics and schoolmen to the sagas of Norway and Ireland, has been ransacked to explain the poet's use of this and that, but there has always remained the sense of mysteries still to be unveiled.

A most interesting turn to an old discussion as to the Dantean sources was given several years ago by the publication of *La Escatalogia Musulmana en la Divina Comedia*, by the famous Arabic scholar, Dr. Miguel Asin, of Madrid. This work in turn elicited a number of articles, confirming, opposing, or merely stating the author's conclusions. Two of these articles I remember particularly: one by Dr. T. W. Arnold, in the *Contemporary Review*, an address given at the University of London, entitled *Dante and Islam*; and the other by Professor A. Guillaume in *Theology* a month or so earlier. Both writers,

while admitting that many leading Dantists had not yet reached the stage of agreement, showed themselves favorably inclined towards Dr. Asin's contention. In brief, they were quite willing to admit that the poet did indeed derive his conception of the moral structure of Heaven and Hell from Muhammadan eschatology. The evidence may be summarized under the three following heads: first, the internal evidence of the *Divina Commedia*; secondly, considerations drawn from the story of Dante and his times; thirdly, general considerations. These, in their inverse order, I merely touch, in order that I may pass, as on the stepping-stones of Dr. Asin's theory, to the further fact to disclose which this paper is written.

Under the head of general considerations we must put such facts as that of the encyclopædic character of the poem as a work whose net is spread over all the learning of the time; and the lack of any real parallelism hitherto discoverable between the architectonic plan of the poem and anything precisely similar in Christian literature. Again, there is the manifest contact of the thirteenth century with the Muhammadan East, and the widespread teaching of Islamic science due to the fame of men like Avicenna and Averroes. As a recent French writer puts it:—

C'est que le temps où la lecture des auteurs païens n'était pas permise était révolu. Sylvestre II avait formé sa culture en compagnie de rabbins juifs et de docteurs arabes. Le matérialiste Averroes, condamné par l'Université de Paris et par la Papauté, se retrouvait en Duns Scot, théoricien de l'hérésie, c'est à dire de la pensée philosophique pure du moyen âge. Les poètes païens n'étaient plus considérés comme des magiciens déchaîneurs de démons.

Under the second head we must note the no small amount of material which links the poet with certain possible sources of information as to Muhammadan eschatology. The fall of Acre in 1291 had put a term to the period of the Crusades, and men were everywhere beginning to take a juster view of Islam. The famous Franciscan, Raymond Lull, was inaugurating a new method of gaining converts to the Cross by reason, and, as a means thereto, was insisting upon the study of Arabic in the

Universities of Europe. Although Lull died in 1315, a martyr to his ardent missionary zeal, his work lived after him. Meanwhile, William of Tripoli had written on the Muhammadan religion in 1273, and even earlier Brunetto Latini, Dante's master, and placed by his pupil in the circles of the *Inferno*, had shown himself not wholly ignorant of Muhammadan cosmogony in the *Tesoretto*. It will be recalled that in the fifteenth canto of the *Inferno* Brunetto addresses the poet as follows: "I commend my *Treasure* to thee wherein I still survive." If from this famous work Dante derived the opening idea of his poem, in which he represents himself as lost in the dolorous wood, he could, of course, have derived much else. At any rate the connection of Brunetto Latini with Islam is well established through his visit in 1260 to the court of Alfonso X at Seville. This monarch lived surrounded by Muhammadan scholars and even though from the words, "E poi senza soggiorno ripresi mio ritorno," we may gather that Brunetto's visit was but brief, he must have learned not a little.

Other writers who may conceivably have afforded this kind of information to Dante include the following:—

Immanuel ben Solomon Jekuthiel (1270-1330), the Roman Jew who wrote on Hell and Paradise (*Tophet and Eden*). In this poem, however, it is probable that the Florentine was the real source of inspiration rather than the Jew.

Ricoldo of Montecroce, a Dominican, who went as a missionary to the East in 1288 and returned to Florence as late as 1301.

Peter Pascual, who lived at Rome from 1289 to 1292 and died at the hands of the Moors in 1300. He wrote an important book called the *Impunacion de la seta de Mahomat*, in which he cites the *Mi'raj* as "el libro que fabla en como Mahomat subio, asi como el dize, fasta el cielo, do esta Dios, e que fabla con Dios e vio el paraiso, e el infierno, e a los angeles, e los diablos, e las penas del infierno, e los deleytos del paraiso." This is quite evidently a reference to the Prophet's famous Ride to Heaven on the Night of Power.

But the writer from whom Dante may have derived the most, and who is certainly nearest to the Florentine in spirit, is Ibn el' Arabi, a native of Spain, who died in 1240, twenty-five years

before Dante's birth. He wrote an account of his journey through the other world and is even said to have left behind him drawings and charts of Hell and Paradise.

The internal evidence of the *Divina Commedia* needs only a passing reference to show that, apart from the general scheme of the poem, there are conclusive proofs that the poet was not unfamiliar with at least certain aspects of Islam. Muhammad is described, not as in so many contemporary, and even later writers, as false prophet, fiend, demon, idol, etc., but more accurately as a schismatic,—"seminator di scandalo e di scisma." The actual manner of the death of Ali (as well as the effect of his faction upon the fortunes of Islam) seems implied in the description, "fesso nel volto dal mento al ciufetto." Averroes and Avicenna are placed in the mild limbo of the sages with Socrates and Plato. More remarkable still, Sigieri, the schoolman who was excommunicated, banished, and put to death for sharing the heresy of Averroes, is by the poet placed in Paradise with St. Thomas Aquinas. "Essa e la luce eterna di Sigieri."

The above references should be sufficient to suggest that there is considerable *prima-facie* evidence for the truth of Professor Asin's contention. The *hadith* literature of Islam contains so many parallels with passages in the *Divina Commedia* that it would be strange indeed had no knowledge filtered through from the one system to the other, especially if we bear in mind the many ways in which the westward tide of Islam influenced other than religious literature in Spain, Provence and Italy.

Now all this *hadith* literature, of which the first redaction goes back to the ninth century, in so far as it concerns revelations from the other world, is based upon the one famous legend of the Night Ride of Muhammad to Heaven, still commemorated as the Night of Power in the month of Ramadhan, and the purpose of this article is to show that, if we are willing to allow, with Dr. Asin, the influence of the Night Ride upon Dante, we must be prepared to go much farther and find our real Dantean sources in literatures even more remote than that of Islam.

First of all, however, let us compress into a paragraph the main features of the Night Ride. The germ of this is to be

found in the *Quran*, Sura xvii, but its amplifications are to be sought in later and more popular treatises. One version, accessible to English readers, is to be found in the *Dabistân*, and a still more familiar one in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Pearls of the Faith*. Put as briefly as may be, the story relates how the angel Jibrâil (Gabriel) came to the Prophet when he was 'suspended between sleep and waking' in the sanctuary of the Ka'aba, drew forth his heart and washed it, gave him three cups of water from the sacred well of Zemzem, and led him forth to bestride the Seraph-beast Borak. Then they rode together to Jerusalem, frustrating three attempts to stop the Prophet, respectively by a Jew, a Christian, and a woman. Upon their arrival at the Temple, cups of wine, milk and water were offered, of which, at Gabriel's direction, Muhammad took only the milk. Then the two flew up to the gates of Paradise and traversed the spheres, which correspond exactly to the Dantean heavens. The first sphere was that of the Moon, where Adam sits as regent; the second that of Mercury, where Noah presides; the third, of Venus, where David and Solomon together shine; thence they came to the heaven of the Sun, which Enoch guards; the fifth heaven is Mars, with Aaron for its lord; the sixth, Jupiter, where the regent is the lawgiver Moses; and the seventh is the heaven of Saturn, in which Isa (Jesus) and Ibrahim reign together. Above these, as in Dante, is the heaven of the Fixed Stars; and lastly, beyond the Region of the Veils, the abode of God, where even the language of prayer fails the apostle's tongue.

It will be noted that the narrative of the *Quran* is limited to mention of the ride to Jerusalem, and that the ascent to the heavens is, so far as Islam is concerned, later than the time of the Prophet, therefore also less purely Arabian in provenance. With the exception of the statement that from the fifth heaven it was possible to view the regions of hell, there is no description of the infernal circles at all parallel to the pilgrimage through the heavens.

Under these circumstances it is not at all improper to ask how far the Oriental sources of the *Divina Commedia* have transcended those materials which may strictly be entitled Islamic.

At the outset there is every reason for suspecting the originality of the Muhammadan legend of the Night Ride. The prophet himself was not averse to borrowing. Indeed, all was grist for the Islamic mill. The religion of "the days of ignorance" furnished the worship of the Ka'aba, the reverence for the well Zemzem, and the observance of the Hâj, although new reasons for the continued recognition were provided. The laws and legends of Judaism were freely used, and Christianity also furnished enough to justify the description of Muhammadanism as a Christian heresy. There was every reason, therefore, to expect borrowings from Zoroastrianism, even before the propaganda of Islam came into contact with the literature and religion of Persia. The latter condition, of course, prevailed for several years prior to the Prophet's death, but there much intermingling of religious beliefs and literary traditions in Sassanid times and Islam became subsequently the channel through which were carried to the West many fruitful themes, possibly even the story of Jamshid's cup to be the basis for the Holy Grail, and the story of the circle of the court of Khosru Nushirwan to suggest the Round Table of Arthur's knights. But it will be sufficient here to adduce the case of the Bridge of Judgment and then pass on to the Persian book which, to a much fuller extent than any version of the Night Ride, probably furnished the architectonic outline of the *Divina Commedia*.

This idea of the Bridge of Judgment, known to the Zoroastrian as the Chinvad Pul, and to the Muhammadan as Al-Sirat, is, of course, much more widely diffused than these two literatures, considered by themselves, might suggest. 'The Brig o'Dread' of the old Yorkshire ballad and the child's game of 'London Bridge' are only illustrations of a practically universal belief. In all lands lingered that primitive fear of crossing streams which led to the propitiation of otherwise irate fluvial divinities. In Zoroastrianism the Chinvad Pul, or straight Bridge of Judgment, was always a prominent eschatological feature, mentioned repeatedly in the *Avesta* and still more in the later Pahlawi literature. Stretching from the Peak of Judgment in Airan Vêj to the summit of Alburz, it was like—

a beam of many sides, of whose edges there are some which are broad, and there are some which are thin and sharp; its broad edges are so large that its width is twenty-seven reeds, and its sharp sides are so contracted that in thinness it is just like the edge of a razor. And when the souls of the righteous and wicked arrive, it turns to that side which is suitable to their necessities, through the great glory of the Creator and the command of him who takes the just account.¹

This general description was, as early as the beginning of the Christian era, borrowed by Judaism, as is plain from Esdra VII, 6 ff., and the *Midrash Yalkut Reubeni*, Gehinnom.² Some of the Jewish features were subsequently borrowed again by the Muhammadan story, as, for instance, the localization of the Bridge from the Temple at Jerusalem over the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the Mount of Olives. Dante refers to this in the tenth canto of the *Inferno*, where Vergil declares of the graves of the heretics:—

They shall be closed all, what time they here
From Josaphat return'd shall come, and bring
Their bodies, which above they now have left.

Although not mentioned in the *Quran*, the Bridge Al-Sirat is very conspicuous in later Muhammadan eschatology, and all manner of details are embroidered upon the story, as, for example, that the righteous will be upheld upon the bridge by an angel who grasps them by a lock of hair, or that the crossing will occupy three thousand years,—one thousand in the ascent, one thousand on the level, and one thousand in descending. The bridge, moreover, for the wicked is beset with all manner of thorns and entanglements, while flames of fire shoot up all about and add to the torments of the damned.

With such plain evidence of borrowing as is provided in the case of the Bridge of Judgment, it is natural to expect further indebtedness on the part of Islam to the Magian eschatology. This indebtedness is so manifest in the Pahlawi document known as the *Book of Arda Viraf* that the unknown author of this work may fittingly be entitled 'the Pahlawi Dante'. To this book and especially to the resemblance it offers to the *Divina Commedia* I must now restrict my attention.

¹*Dabistân-i-Denig*, xxi, 1-7.

²*Cf. Inferno*, xv, 1-4.

The *Book of Arda Viraf* is a fantastic account of the journey undertaken by a certain Magian sage through the unseen world. It belongs to that Pahlawi literature which flourished under the early Sassanid kings about the third century of our era, and marks the revival of Zoroastrianism under the Shapurs. It is, of course, manifest that much earlier material is included, but it is sufficient here to state that the *Book of Arda Viraf* considerably antedates the earliest literature of Islam. It opens with the lament of the sages over the scepticism of the land since the religion of the pious Zardusht has been destroyed by "the accursed Alexander the Roman." Then, in order to revive the faith of men, it is suggested that a man be chosen who, divesting himself of his body, shall traverse the unseen world and bring back to men a true report as to Heaven and Hell. Out of forty thousand virtuous men Arda Viraf was chosen for this momentous embassy, and on a certain day was given a cup of 'hallowed wine', or *hashish*, according to the prescribed method. Then he lay down on the couch whereon his body was to repose for a week, while the freed spirit, under the guidance of the angel Šrosh, journeyed through the Persian Paradiso and Inferno. On awaking, the sage related to the assembled Dasturs all the adventures of his wonderful week. He had crossed the Bridge of Judgment hand in hand with the angel, who had thus addressed him:—

Come on, so that we may show unto thee heaven and hell;
and the splendor and glory and ease and comfort and pleasure
and joy and delight and gladness and fragrance which are
the reward of the pious in heaven. We shall show thee the
darkness and confinement and ingloriousness and misfortune
and distress and evil and pain and sickness and dreadfulness
and fearfulness and hurtfulness and stench in the punish-
ments of hell, of various kinds, which the demons and sor-
cerers and sinners perform.

He had seen souls confronted by the personification of their good and bad deeds. In the case of the good a beautiful nymph-like form came in a fragrant gale and confessed: "I am thy good deeds." In the case of the bad, in a fetid wind appeared an old hag who revealed herself as the embodied sin of the sin-

ner on his way to doom. Around the bridge, with folded hands, stood the crowd of souls who, being weak in faith, had remained neutral in the great struggle between light and darkness. Their doom was to remain so standing till the Day of Judgment. Thus, from stage to stage, Arda Viraf traversed the star-track, the moon-track, the solar track, and then on again, heaven by heaven, through the assemblages of the just. It will strike the reader that these just ones are classified, not according to their moral goodness, as we should estimate it, but rather by their conformity to the ritual righteousness of Magianism. The good are such as contract next-of-kin marriages, use dry firewood, kill noxious animals, engage in the holy war, cultivate the soil, take care of the sheep, and so on.

Borne off to see the punishments of the wicked, Araf beholds the black and gloomy river of filthy water, with weeping multitudes falling therein and drowning. Thence, as in the *Inferno*, he is led through awful regions of mephitic exhalations, snow, ice, pits of serpents, scorpions, and the like, while the demons are busily engaged with the further torment of the sufferers. Many of the sinners are those who have failed merely to observe the externalities of the Zoroastrian ritual of 'righteousness', such as the wearing of the *kashiti*; but the moral categories, on the whole, correspond nearly to those of Dante. At the same time, as in the case of Buonconte's "one poor tear",³ when a good deed has been performed it is not forgotten. Extortioners, hypocrites, violators of promises and covenants, are dealt with no less rigorously than by Dante himself.

From the Magian Inferno Araf was led up to the abode of supreme bliss, "the heaven of heavens," where he became entranced by the light and splendor of God. Then backward the pilgrim was led again through the lower spheres until once more the spirit was united with the flesh, and the sage was able to communicate the ineffable mysteries of the hidden universe to men "that they might beware of sin."

The general resemblance of the scheme of Arda Viraf to that of the *Divina Commedia* will be at once apparent, and as there

³*Purgatorio*, V.

can be no doubt that it was borrowed by Islam and accommodated to the legend of the Night Ride, so there need be no doubt of the connection between the Persian and the Florentine work. I believe, too, that a comparison of these two will yield rather more important results than the more obvious comparison of Dante with the Islamic story. For instance, Dr. Asin has detected some resemblance between the cock which "crows for matins" in the Paradise of Adam (in the Night Ride) and the celestial Eagle which spells out the praise of righteousness in the heaven of the rulers. It is much more to the point to observe that Islam has borrowed the cock from the Zoroastrian scriptures, where it is constantly spoken of as a demonifuge and as "the drum of the world." One need only compare such passages as Fargard xviii of the *Vendidad* (ii, 14-20): "The holiness of the cock, the bird of Šrosh, who awakes the world to prayers and for the protection of the world;" or *Bundahish* xix: "The cock was created to fight against the fiends and wizards: . . . he is with the dog an ally of Šrosh against demons"; or the *Yasts* xxii: "Then towards the dawning of the dawn that bird Parodars . . . hears the voice of the fire . . . while the demons urge 'Sleep on, sleep on, O sinners'." Several resemblances exist between the Magian and the Christian Vision which are not carried over into the Muhammadan story. Among these are to be noted the following:—

First: The 'hell of the neutrals' in *Arda Viraf* is remarkably suggestive of the state of those described in the third canto of the *Inferno* who lived in apathy and indifference both to good and to ill.

. . . . This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those who lived
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious prov'd,
Nor yet were true to God, that for themselves
Were only.

Second: "The black and gloomy river of fetid water" which *Arda Viraf* beholds in hell, is described by the angel Šrosh as collected from the tears shed by relatives for their dead. In like manner, Dante describes the rivers of hell as formed from the

tears which distil from the rifted statue upon Mount Ida in Crete. These—

. in their course,
Thus far precipitated down the rock,
Form Acheron and Styx and Phlegethon;
Then by their straiten'd channels passing thence
Form here Cocytus.⁴

Third: At the entrance of hell Arda Viraf sees the guardian of the law, Mihr Ized, with his attending angels, holding the balances, and assigning to all those who come before him their proper punishments. So the Florentine comes upon Minos, the judge of the underworld:—

. There Minos stands,
Grinning with ghastly feature, he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around.
. Before him stand
Always a numerous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd.⁵

Fourth: The Chinvad Bridge, over which Arda Viraf passes, under the leadership of Šrosh, is not at all unlike that narrow rampart along which Vergil conducts the poet through the upper circles of hell:—

One of the solid margins bears us now,
Envelop'd in the mist, that, from the stream
Arising, hovers o'er, and saves from fire
Both piers and water.

Fifth: The three steps by which Dante rises to the Gate of Purgatory⁶ are not unlike the three steps of Good Deeds, Good Words, and Good Thoughts, by which the Persian sage approached the Chinvad Bridge.

It would be tiresome to add to these instances the numerous resemblances of a slighter character, which may indeed be only such coincidences as might naturally be looked for in works of so similar design. Enough has been said to show that if the Night Ride of Muhammad be accepted as among the sources

⁴*Inferno*, XIV.

⁵*Inferno*, V.

⁶*Purgatorio*, IX.

of the *Divina Commedia*, *a fortiori* we may claim as much or more for the *Book of Arda Viraf*.

Nor are we even here at the fountain-head. Long before the Zoroastrian or Manichæan or Gnostic thought of God as devolving His presence by means of æons, emanations, cosmocracies, principalities, and powers, the seven orders of angels, and the like, as furnishing, on the one hand, an explanation of the creation, and, on the other hand, a means whereby men might be able to ascend into the presence of Deity, similar ideas had prevailed among Babylonians and Sumerians in the Euphrates Valley. The ziggurat worship of ancient Babylonia was the first historical anticipation of the schematism of Dante. Here were the shrines of the planetary spheres by means of which men might rise to communion with God. Conversely, the pit of the grave (called by the Hebrews *Sh'eol*) furnished the antithesis to the spheres of Paradise, and the grading of sinners had been made with many degrees of care and ethical insight long before Dante essayed the task.

Of course, the splendor of the *Divina Commedia* is independent of any of its sources, just as the greatness of the tragedies of Shakespeare is independent of anything in Holinshed or Saxo Grammaticus. Nevertheless, if one be bent upon exploring sources at all, we must grant that the Orient is as much entitled to a share in Dante as is the more obvious Occident.

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THE CRITIC FROM CAMBRIDGE

I

Critical opinions about Lowell divide themselves pretty sharply into two groups. That of most academic writers, college professors, and orthodox Bostonians is voiced best perhaps by Professor Woodberry, when he says: "He [Lowell] is the only critic of high rank that our literature owns."¹ At the other extreme are the younger generation of critics, like Mr. Mencken, who bluntly call him a snob; and the scientific critics, like Dr. Reilly, who say that he is not a critic at all.

It is not my intention to attempt here a fresh evaluation of Lowell's work and worth. I shall not judge, but merely examine. My purpose is not to determine, except as that fact may appear incidentally, how good a critic he is, but rather what kind of critic. I shall try to discover what were his own views as to the function and methods of criticism; what theories, and, still more important, what tastes, he had as a standard for critical judgment; how he went about applying these to his criticism; and how successfully he accomplished his purpose. In doing so, I shall work by quotation, rather than by statement; by selection, rather than by judgment; thus allowing him to make his own exposition of himself.

II

The life and work of a man can be clearly seen only in the light of his own ideals. Our first task, then, is to find out what were Lowell's ideals of criticism. Unfortunately Lowell, unlike most critics, has left little on record touching these ideals. He never distinctly stated, as did Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, his critical platform; what planks of it we can recover are to be found only in chance asides scattered throughout the volumes of his essays.

What little he has to say on this subject of critical ideals is disappointingly conventional. He makes the customary gesture

¹ Woodberry: *Makers of Literature*, p. 346.

of detachment. "To look at all sides," he remarks, "and to distrust the verdict of a single mood, is, no doubt, the duty of a critic."² I suppose that every critic, from Aristotle down, has said that—and done the opposite. He reasserts this, coupled with the usual statement that there are fixed principles of art on which criticism can be based, in his longest utterance in regard to critical theory.

I have often thought that, unless we can so far free ourselves from our prepossessions, as to be capable of bringing to a work of art some freshness of sensation, and receiving from it in turn some new surprise of sympathy and admiration—some shock, even, it may be, of instinctive dislike and repulsion—though we may praise or blame, weighing our pros and cons in the nicest balances, sealed by the proper authority, yet we shall not criticize in the highest sense. On the other hand, unless we admit certain principles as fixed beyond question, we shall be able to render no adequate judgment, but only to record our impressions.³

Criticism is the unbiased application of certain well-defined and self-existent principles of judgment.⁴

There we have, I think, as confused a tangle of views on criticism as would be obtained by crossing the principles of Taine with those of Walter Pater. In the first place, we must bring to a work of art complete freshness of sensation; we must read the classics as though we had freshly discovered them, but we must not be led into judgment by the mere impressions of a mood. And finally, we must acknowledge and apply the divinely ordained, immutable, eternal laws of art.

I know that it is a dangerous proceeding to put words in an author's mouth, but I fancy that what Lowell meant to say was something like this: The function of a critic is to judge; to do this adequately he must achieve a detachment from mere personal prepossessions; and he must make use of certain fixed dogmas of literature.

² *Works*, Vol. III, p. 114.

⁴ *The Round Table*, p. 118.

³ *Ibid.*, III, p. 29.

III

What, then, are these literary doctrines? It is much easier to ask such a question than to deduce its answer from the writings of such a man as Lowell, one of whose most striking characteristics is his lack of positive and dogmatic pronouncements. Often his basic opinions as to the functions of literature are to be found in no single sentence, but can be recovered only by working back from their manifestation in application. In fact, I find it quite impossible to draw the line, in Lowell's criticism, between the application of reasoned doctrine and the expression of personal taste.

In its most fundamental aspect, literature appears to Lowell as an escape. For all of his apparent worldly success, for all his capacity for close friendship, there is yet a shy and elusive quality in Lowell's nature, a supersensitive idealism that shrinks from stark reality and demanded of literature a refuge. "Give me," he cries, with a sharpness rare in him, "the writers who take me for awhile out of myself and away from my neighbors."⁵ He speaks of imaginative literature as "the realm of might be, our haven of refuge from the shortcomings and disillusion of life."⁶ So early as in his lectures of 1855 we find this desire for remoteness, and it crops up at intervals all through his writings.

It follows naturally that the type of writing to which Lowell turned, in his search for that refuge, was not the essay, in which a literary mind reflects over its actual experiences; not the novel, which in its highest form always approaches as closely as possible to the facts of life, but what he felicitously calls "the other-world of poetry." Every one of his greatest and most appreciative essays deals with a poet, usually the poet of some remote and distance-mellowed age. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Wordsworth, Pope,—I find none of his essays equal to these,—all on poets, and all on poets already classics. He frankly calls poetry "something which delivers us from the dungeon of real life, instead of basely reconciling us with it."⁷

⁵*Works*, VI, p. 128.

⁶*Ibid.*, VI, p. 94.

⁷*Ibid.*, IV, p. 8.

I do not remember to have seen a finer glorification of this aspect of literature in general, and of poetry in particular, than the essay on Spenser.

The holding of such a view at once classes Lowell as a Romantic. As a critic, indeed, he is a successor of De Quincey, Lamb, and particularly of Coleridge. He inherits many of the peculiar views of the early Romantics, much also of their critical phraseology. This constitutes one sharp and characteristic difference between Lowell and his contemporary, Sainte-Beuve. In reading Sainte-Beuve, I am never reminded of the fact that his writings date back seventy-five years; I never find a sentence that would sound odd or old-fashioned in the pages of the *Saturday Review*. In Lowell, on the contrary, I am frequently struck by the quaintness of critical phrase. Notable among his Coleridgean heirlooms is his metaphysical-supernatural view of the imagination. In his essay on Pope he even reconstructs the old critical antithesis between fancy and imagination.⁸ The great poet, to him, is not a man possessing common qualities in uncommon quantity, but a prophet, a seer, an inexplicable apparition from heaven. "Poems," he says, "are not made of words and thoughts and images, but of that something in the poet himself which can compel them to obey him and move to the rhythm of his nature."⁹ From the critics of the same school, who in turn derived it from their predecessors of the eighteenth century, he gets his fondness for talking about nature with a capital 'N'. He even reverts to the neoclassic theory of poetic diction when he criticizes Longfellow for the line,—

Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,

saying that 'dresses' is a word that cannot by any possibility be poetic. These are trifling matters, but they serve to indicate the source of some of Lowell's critical ideas. More important, and more fallacious, is his notion, borrowed from the same school, that "Shakespeare can do no wrong." He devotes several pages in his *Shakespeare Once More* to an attempted defence of Shakespeare's habit, in the height of a tragic scene, of writing

⁸*Ibid.*, IV, p. 56.

⁹*Ibid.*, III, p. 299.

in puns and conceits. A better inheritance than these critical quirks is the doctrine learned by Lowell from Coleridge,—that of judging the performance of an author by the author's own intention.

These two facts—Lowell's view of literature as a means of escape, and his Coleridgean critical ancestry—explain his evident and confessed dislike of realism, a dislike which is probably responsible for the distaste in which he is held by Mr. Mencken and his followers. He frankly says:—

I confess that in the productions of what is called the realistic school I too often find myself in company that is little to my taste, dragged back into a commonplace world from which I was only too glad to escape.¹⁰

Zola he views as the type of modern realist, and he several times goes out of his way to utter disparaging asides about that author. It is curious and entertaining to note his attitude toward Fielding. Authority has declared Fielding a classic, and Lowell frankly believed in literary authority. He feels under obligation to praise Fielding; undoubtedly he had some appreciation of Fielding's excellence; but his praise is cool and faint-hearted compared with the bursts of superb panegyric which he lavishes on the authors whom he really loves. Yet Lowell has too catholic a literary taste to be strictly consistent in his opposition to realism. He remarks in the course of a discussion on the pre-Shakespearean rhymed tragedies, that "*Gammer Gurton's Needle* is worth the whole of them. It may be coarse, earthy, but in reading it one feels that he is at least a man among men, and not a humbug among humbugs."¹¹ Of Chaucer's realism in character-drawing he speaks with high appreciation. And one of the most penetrating of his critical judgments is that which recognizes as his true excellence the realism of Pope. To find such a statement as this in the work of a pupil of the Romantic critics, whose main contention was that they were leading literature back to nature, is both surprising and gratifying.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, VI, p. 128.

¹¹*Ibid.*, IV, p. 300.

It [Pope's poetry] was a mirror in a drawing-room, but it gave you back a faithful image of a society, powdered and rouged, to be sure, and intent on trifles, yet still as human in its way as the heroes of Homer in theirs.¹²

In spite of the fact that I have, perhaps somewhat hastily, classed Lowell as a Romanticist, one of his most important and useful critical doctrines leads directly away from Romanticism—from the Romanticism of Wordsworth and Coleridge, that is. For the romantic love of solitude he has little use. One of the few downright dogmas in Lowell's criticism—a dogma that appears again and again—is that literature, in its highest function, is concerned not with nature but with man; that it is primarily a social thing, created in society and dealing with man in society. With perfect truth Lowell remarks:—

The greatest poets, I think, have found man more interesting than nature.¹³

The poet's office is to be a Voice, not of one crying in the wilderness to a knot of already magnetized acolytes, but singing amid the throng of men, and lifting their common aspirations and sympathies with the wings of his song to a purer ether and a wider reach of view.¹⁴

So determined is he to emphasize this idea that he runs into overstatement:—

I cannot recall that isolation has produced anything in literature better than monkish chronicles, except a Latin hymn or two, and one precious book, the treasure of bruised hearts.¹⁵

Exaggeration of this sort—and to know it for exaggeration one has only to call up such names as the *Dies Irae*, the *Hora Novissima*, *Paradise Lost*—is rare in Lowell. Of this doctrine of the sociality of great literature, Lowell makes practical use. It is on the basis of this doctrine that he denies the first rank in poetry to Wordsworth; it is from this viewpoint that he condemns Thoreau.

¹²*Ibid.*, IV, p. 11

¹³*Ibid.*, VI, p. 111.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, IV, p. 357.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, VI, p. 225.

In one other respect, Lowell is sharply at variance with the Romanticists—one might almost say with all modern literature. His keen sense of humor is, I suppose, the main reason for his dislike of the prevalent tendency in literature, fathered by Wordsworth and Coleridge, toward extreme individualism and introspection, which Lowell calls, shortly, sentimentalism. Against this tendency he grows positively bitter.

The artist period begins precisely at the point where the pleasure of expressing self ends, and the poet becomes sensible that his highest duty is to give voice to the myriad forms of nature, which wanting him, were dumb. . . . Hence Shakespeare, the truest of artists, is nothing more than a voice.¹⁶

Latterly, poetry seems to have deserted the strong and palpable motions of the common heart, and to have devoted itself to the ecstatic exploration of solitary nerves—the less tangible, the better.¹⁷

He speaks again of "that exaggeration of the individual, and depression of the social man, which has become the cant of modern literature."¹⁸ The Wordsworthian view, to him unhealthy and unnatural, of nature as a consoler and a refuge, he considers simply as another manifestation of his pet enemy, sentimentalism.

Those who have most loudly advertised their passion for solitude and their intimacy with Nature, from Petrarch down, have been mostly sentimentalists.¹⁹

In one other respect, Lowell divorces himself from the Romanticists. Romanticism was in its beginnings, and has been largely in its performance, a revival and imitation of past times, past manners, past literary forms. Lowell, although a well-trained and appreciative student of both classical antiquity and the Middle Ages, is strongly opposed to modern imitations of classical and mediæval subjects. His essay on Swinburne is really a diatribe on this topic. He attacks such imitations on three

¹⁶*The Round Table*, p. 189.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 138.

¹⁸*Works*, II, p. 158.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, I, p. 376.

grounds: the impossibility of exactness in reproducing manners and customs; the fact that Greek themes and Greek motives are too simple to suit the tastes of complex moderns; and the strangeness and, to us, unnaturalness, of Greek forms.

There is one more general critical idea that runs through all of Lowell's work—an idea strangely at variance with his view of literature as a means of escape. Born in a New England still dominated by Puritanism, the son of a Congregational minister, Lowell must have found it quite impossible to escape from the moral outlook on life and literature. In his poetry he is frankly moral, even didactic; one of his most acute criticisms is that which he laughingly directs at himself—the much-quoted passage in the *Fable for Critics*:—

Here's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb,
With a bundle of isms tied together with rhyme.

That he saw the trait in himself, that he recognized it as a weakness, is a good advance assurance that it would not be a disturbing influence in his criticism. It appears there, frequently; but it is not a central idea, and it is usually rather inconsistent with the general run of his critical thought. After he has been praising Spenser for his "otherworldliness", emphasizing Spenser's quality as a pure romancer, he turns upon himself with the remark: "No man can read the *Faerie Queene* and be anything but the better for it."²⁰ Again he speaks of—

the few great poets who exalt men's minds, and give a right direction and safe outlet to their passions through their imagination, while insensibly helping them toward balance of character and serenity of judgment by stimulating their sense of proportion, form, and the nice adjustment of means to ends.²¹

In this view of the moral, or rather ethical, value of literature, he is in company with every great critic I have ever read, from Aristotle down. Like Aristotle, like Arnold, like Sainte-Beuve, however, he makes little or no attempt to give a logical and consistent aspect to this view. On the other hand, he is quite in

²⁰*Ibid.*, IV, p. 353.

²¹*Ibid.*, IV, p. 355.

the apostolic succession of critics in the antithesis he makes between artist and moralist.²²

But while Puritanism did not force Lowell into giving his criticism an unduly moral twist, its influence is plainly apparent in another way. He displays a queer and characteristically Puritanic desire to establish the moral character, not of the great works of art, but of the great artists. A considerable part of his address on Fielding is taken up with a defence of Fielding's personal character.²³ He shows the same anxiety to prove that Dante was a perfectly moral man; he makes a rather grotesque attempt to establish the excellence of Shakespeare's personal character.²⁴ In all this I rather suspect (of course, there is no means of knowing) that he was not so much expressing his personal view as throwing a sop to his New England audience.

One fact, I think, stands out clearly from this inadequate summary of Lowell's critical principles; that while he firmly believed in critical creeds, and doubtless imagined that he had such a creed, his actual principles, so far as we can determine them from his practice, are both contradictory and mutually exclusive. If literature is primarily a means of escape, what on earth has it to do with morals? If it is a means of escape, does not the very best of literature consist in that which draws us away from our own age to a re-creation of a remote and haloed past? And if romance is forbidden to us moderns, must we not therefore express ourselves through the condemned channel of realism? Here are principles, but no possible system. To my mind all these paraded laws of literature are nothing more than reasonings after the conclusion. Lowell, I am convinced, was not primarily intellectual, but emotional. We have the widest variations in the estimates of his character made by certain of his close friends. In one he appears as a robust, healthy-minded, unsubtle sort of person; in another he is a disappointed idealist, afflicted by a gentle melancholy. Probably both of these estimates are true, when reconciled by the larger truth, that Lowell was a creature of moods. When he judges an author, it is not by law, but by mood. Then, having already

²²*Ibid.*, IV, p. 155.

²³*Ibid.*, VI, p. 67.

²⁴*Ibid.*, IV, p. 248.

formed his opinion, he casts about, as most of us do, for a principle to justify that opinion. I can see no other explanation that will account for his apparent and glaring inconsistencies. In spite, then, of Lowell's avowed intention of criticising through a system, we can clearly see that his criticism is not systematic, but impressionistic. When he deals with a classic, however, the impression is invariably favorable. His condemnations are mostly asides; when he sits down to consider an author of established rank, he does so in the mood necessary for appreciation of that author. He is a romanticist with Spenser and a realist with Fielding. And that, in my opinion, is one of the qualities of a great critic.

IV

Lowell's critical writings divide themselves into two general groups, very unequal both in size and in value, according to whether he writes on established writers or on contemporaries. It is the critic's business, in discussing a contemporary, to judge, to estimate, to evaluate. But when a critic, especially a critic whose submission to established reputation and the authority of posterity is as firm and unquestioning as Lowell's, discusses a writer already classic, that part of the work has already been done for him by the general consensus of previous critical opinion. There are two or three things then left for a critic to do. He may simply expound, translating the author's ideas into simpler terms; he may attempt to pick out for us the peculiar merits on which the author's reputation rests; or he may simply say, in the best language he can find, what everybody has already said about the author under examination. Here and there, too, one meets a critic who does not accept the stock judgment as final, who attacks his subject exactly as he would the work of a contemporary, endeavoring to see his author as if for the first time, to formulate an entirely fresh and unbiased judgment. Such an attempt Lowell never makes. He accepts the classics at their face value, and proceeds from that point on. It is, I think, highly indicative of his characteristics as a critic that by far the larger part of his work is concerned with the classics. In the four volumes of the

Houghton Mifflin edition that contain what is admittedly the cream of his criticism—the criticism that he himself wished to preserve—there are 117 pages dealing with contemporaries, as against 913 on the classics.

I wish first to examine Lowell's critical method as applied to his treatment of the classics. Perhaps his best known and most highly appreciated essay is that on Chaucer, which we may look at in some detail. He begins by mentioning Chaucer's general characteristics, and then describes his personal appearance. Then follows an aside of two pages on Sir Harris Nicholas's *Life of Chaucer*, and the question of Chaucer's legendary complicity in the insurrection of John of Northampton. Here Lowell, interested as always in the moral character of his writer, decides with great relief that the charge that Chaucer obtained his release by betraying his associates is false. After this we have a section of twenty pages devoted to Chaucer's literary predecessors—the Troubadours, the Trouvères, and the Anglo-Saxon poets.²⁵ Then comes a comparison of Chaucer and Dante, and a brief discussion of Gower and Langland. The fourteen pages following contain a lengthy and minute study of Chaucer's prosody. The essay concludes with a general appreciation of Chaucer as a writer, as the "father of English literature," and as a man.

I have chosen this essay for inspection since it seems to me that the characteristics of Lowell's critical method here appear most clearly. The most obvious of these is, of course, his extreme discursiveness. To an even greater extent than my summary shows does he ramble from topic to topic. It is not that the essay—and all his essays in general—are badly constructed; they are rather not constructed at all. There is usually a definite beginning and a definite end; the middle is pure 'mince-pie'. That very interesting specimen, the essay on the *Library of Old Authors*, is composed of three almost unrelated elements: an appreciation of the Elizabethan dramatists, a long philological dissertation, and a section on translating Homer.²⁶ *Shakespeare Once More* sounds, in summary, like a cross-

²⁵*Ibid.*, IV, p. 310, *passim*.

²⁶*Ibid.*, I, p. 246.

section of a literary encyclopædia. Its table of contents would run something like this: Fitness of the Elizabethan Age for Poetry—Latin Elements in English—Unfitness of Saxon as a Poetic Language—Shakespeare and the English Language—History and Value of the First Folio—Appreciation of Shakespeare—Shakespeare's Opinion of his Own Greatness—Principles of Criticism—Style—The Necessity of Structure in a Work of Art—Shakespeare the Inimitable—but I need not go on: the sample may stand for the whole.²⁷ It will be noticed that there is plenty of logical connection here, each topic linking naturally with its predecessor and its successor; structure there is not. Lowell writes as a great conversationalist talks, following the leading of his own mind as one thought suggests another, never organizing these thoughts into a whole.

The second of Lowell's characteristics is his possession and use of scholarship. His reading in literature was bounded by neither language nor period. He disclaims, in one instance, an accurate knowledge of Greek. He was not, I suppose, a Bentley, but his acquaintance with the classics of Greek literature seems prodigious to a generation in which the tradition of classical scholarship is becoming a thing of the past. He is almost the first American scholar to appreciate and to know something of the Middle Ages. He read extensively in Old French,—Robertson calls him an authority in that field—in Middle English, in mediæval Spanish. He can quote both German and Dutch. His knowledge of Dante, and of Dante's Italy, is, I judge, profound. Of Anglo-Saxon he seems to have been either ignorant or unappreciative; probably his lack of appreciation comes from his ignorance. When he knows a thing well, he seems always to like it. Of English literature from Chaucer down, his knowledge extends into hundreds of forgotten corners. The Elizabethans were his familiars; he quotes such obscure worthies as Warner, Quarles, Hall. Nor is his knowledge that of mere desultory reading. Lowell was an excellent, at times almost a pedantic, philologist. He devotes page after unreadable page, in his *Library of Old Authors*, to a scholastic flaying of the

²⁷*Ibid.*, III, *passim*.

editors of that collection for their errors in glossological knowledge. The only dry section of the Chaucer essay is the twenty-odd pages of philology.

But I do not find that he makes the use one might expect of this widely ranging knowledge. He might have been one of the greatest of comparative critics. As it is, he frankly disclaims any attempt at comparative estimates. This practice he calls the judging of a thing for the qualities it does not possess, thinking rather that we should look at a work of art to discern its own peculiar merits, and having found these, stop.²⁸ While, therefore, he occasionally attempts a comparison, as between Chaucer and Dante, such comparisons are slight and of little value.

With Lowell, to a far greater extent than with most critics, the significant and memorable part of his criticism is the summing up, the general descriptive sentences that one finds at the beginnings and ends of his essays, and that can be dug out and carried away for future use. It is in these general statements that I find Lowell's peculiar excellence to lie. Of the three processes of criticising a classic that I have enumerated above, Lowell invariably follows the third. By his subjects he is freed from the necessity of concluding with anything like a critical verdict on the author. Nor does he attempt to give his author a re-trial. One of the features of Lowell which I fancy makes him most irritating to critics of the iconoclastic school is his fashion of stating a general opinion about an author, not that he may re-examine or refute it, but simply as a matter of fact. He accepts Pope as the greatest English satirist in verse, Milton as the second of English poets, Wordsworth as the greatest of the Romantic revivalists, all without apparent reason or question. We must not expect in Lowell either novelty of view or freshness of judgment. For what, then, do we read him?

The peculiar excellence of Lowell consists, I think, in his gift for giving eloquent, almost supreme, expression, to the literary opinions of the common man. He says what everyone else says, but better than anyone else can say it. His most

²⁸*Ibid.*, III, p. 56.

valuable paragraphs are not criticism in the highest sense, perhaps, but appreciation—appreciation supremely well expressed. I know of no finer passage, in the whole realm of 'books about books', than the beginning of the essay on Chaucer. It abounds with quotable sentences.

There is a pervading wholesomeness in the writings of this man—a vernal property that soothes and refreshes in a way of which no other has ever found the secret.²⁹

It is good to retreat now and then beyond the earshot of the introspective confidences of modern literature, and to lose ourselves in the gracious worldliness of Chaucer.³⁰

One feels throughout these passages the freshness of Chaucer, and also the freshness of Lowell. Purely conventional in idea—he is almost rewriting Dryden—he has revived the threadbare cloak by the grace with which he wears it. He repeats platitudes with the enthusiasm of a discoverer. If the true function of criticism, as someone has said, is to send the reader from the critic to the author, this is one of the supreme pieces of criticism of all literature. I never read it without a desire to go at once to the pages of Chaucer himself.

We find, then, that Lowell's criticism of classic authors is marked by four characteristics: large use of scholarship and philology; a lack of systematic method and treatment, that is both an indication and a result of the lack of any definite intellectual approach or thesis; acceptance of traditional views; and, transfiguring the whole, an enthusiastic appreciation well expressed.

V

If one holds the view that the chief function of a critic is to judge, that he is the voice of posterity speaking in the present, the true test of any critic is the correctness of his judgments of contemporaries. Having seen how much Lowell, in his criticism of the classics, leans on authority, it should be interesting to observe how he gets on in dealing with current writers, with whom he can use no such convenient crutch. We may here

²⁹*Ibid.*, III, p. 291.

³⁰*Ibid.*, III, p. 293.

review rapidly the whole body of his essays on contemporaries, endeavoring to discover in each case on what his judgments are based, and how far these judgments have been sustained by later criticism.

Here we find a totally different quality of work. There is still the same generous and well-expressed appreciation, although not the same whole-hearted enthusiasm; but there is also a well-reasoned line of thought. The first of these essays on contemporaries to which I open is that on Thoreau. Lowell definitely condemns Thoreau for his concern with nature rather than with man as subject-matter, for his lack of unifying structure; but for the high quality of his style he classes him with Browne—high praise indeed.³¹

With Carlyle he is less successful, as might have been foreseen. He is not without appreciation of Carlyle's virtues—his picturesque, his earnestness, his value for his particular time.

No other writer compares with him for vividness. His imagination is so powerful that it makes him the contemporary of his characters. . . . It is in such things that Mr. Carlyle is beyond all rivalry, and that we must go back to Shakespeare for comparison.³²

In spite of this high praise, however, the essay as a whole is unfavorable to Carlyle; the praise is out of all proportion to the blame. Merely from their comparative spatial extent, the idea we carry away from reading the essay is one of condemnation; a condemnation based on Carlyle's cynicism, his lack of sobriety, his exaggerations, and finally his growing insincerity. Yet the conclusion of the essay is both appreciative and fair. We might find the last paragraph incorporated in a literary history of the present day.

The Swinburne essay hardly deals with Swinburne at all; it is rather a statement of Lowell's views on modern imitations of the antique.³³ That on Percival is the same sort of thing as Macaulay's famous attack on Montgomery—a sweeping condemnation of an utterly worthless writer, done with less than

³¹*Ibid.*, I, p. 381.

³²*Ibid.*, II, p. 115.

³³*Ibid.*, II, p. 120.

Macaulay's sharpness of logic.³⁴ Reviewing Longfellow's *Kavanaugh*, Lowell rather cleverly, very smoothly, but none the less mercilessly, concludes that Longfellow is an excellent poet.³⁵ Here again, posterity backs him up; *Kavanaugh* is forgotten. In the essay entitled *D'Israeli as a Novelist* he condemns with considerable humor the pseudo-society novel of the period: D'Israeli and Bulwer are hardly alive to-day.³⁶

As an illustration of Lowell's ability to recognize genius in a contemporary, we may look at his essay on Browning, written in 1847. At a time when Browning was either disregarded or laughed at, Lowell has the vision to say: "He appears to have a wider range and greater freedom of movement than any other of the younger English poets."³⁷

Of Landor he says: "We cannot so properly call Landor a great thinker, as a man who has great thoughts."³⁸ The confirmation of this lies in the fact that Landor seems to survive to-day only in a few small, but astonishingly perfect, bits.

One chief cause of the disrepute into which Lowell has fallen with certain present-day critics is his famous article on Poe. Possibly some of those who have attacked the essay have not yet read it. Here are brought together two chief schools of American literature: the one centering about Boston, conservative, Harvard-bred, drawing its ideas and forms from England; the other of New York, revolutionary, unacademic, realistic, following the French writers of the nineteenth century. Indeed, this essay is perhaps the best place in which to study Lowell's method of treating a contemporary.

Lowell begins with a consideration of Poe's verse, which he praises for its melody, its finish, and its lack of Byronic sentimentalism, then all the rage in American poetry. He then attempts to pick out the leading characteristics of Poe's genius—he frankly says that Poe has genius—of which he finds two: "a faculty of vigorous yet minute analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination."³⁹ He speaks, in terms themselves a refuta-

³⁴*Ibid.*, II, p. 140.

³⁵*Round Table*, p. 38.

³⁶*Ibid.*, p. 83.

³⁷*Ibid.*, p. 95.

³⁸*Ibid.*, p. 203.

³⁹*The Function of the Poet*, p. 161.

tion of the charge brought against Lowell of a lack of "penetration", of the extreme technical skill, of the coldly analytic way in which Poe constructs his emotionally effective tales. Poe's style Lowell finds to be "highly graceful, finished, and truly classical."⁴⁰ He concludes with this sentence, in which I, for one, can find no lack of appreciation. Of *The Fall of the House of Usher*, he says: "Had its author written nothing else, it would alone have been sufficient to stamp him as a man of genius, and the master of a classical style." With Poe's subject-matter Lowell finds some fault. We have seen that in Lowell's view, great literature should be both the product and the reflection of human society. He therefore finds Poe's frank unrealities a limitation. "We cannot call his materials the noblest or purest, but we must concede to him the highest merit of construction."⁴¹

I think that this essay illustrates clearly two points, common to all Lowell's criticism of contemporaries. It is not merely impressionistic; Lowell does make use of his "laws of literature", but to a very slight degree, and only as a weapon of attack. Nevertheless, the law is sound, and its application here just. But the truly valuable part of this essay, and of all others, does not come from the application of any system. Lowell does not find Poe a genius by any legal test; it is his own instinct for feeling the best, his own keenness of perception of the elements in which that best consists, that is here revealed. That is the one thing that stands out in Lowell's criticism—the sureness of his literary taste. In every one of the instances enumerated, with the exception of the essay on Swinburne, Lowell has, in judging a contemporary, come into substantial agreement with what we now consider the truth. He has succeeded, to a degree equalled, in my reading, only by Sainte-Beuve, in attaining the ideal of the true critic. He was the voice of posterity speaking in the present.

Nowhere does this talent for feeling the good in an author, and for expressing that good in telling terms, appear more plainly than in that *jeu d'esprit*, *The Fable for Critics*. The thing, of course, was conceived as a piece of pure fun; but to this fun there

⁴⁰*Ibid.*, p. 164.

⁴¹*Ibid.*, p. 165.

is superadded a deal of common sense. There, in a flash, Lowell has sketched Bryant's purity and reserve; Emerson's queer mixture of mysticism and Yankee horse-sense; Whittier's lyric emotion that fails to find perfect form; Irving's geniality and polish; even his own defect, in poetry, of preaching. The weakest thing in it, the only bad thing in it, is the passage on Poe, a passage which should not, I think, be allowed to stand against the serious judgment of the essay. Here, as everywhere, we find Lowell's typical characteristic. The judgments are not deep, not those of a great thinker; they do not set before us the very heart of the author criticised. But so far as they go, they are sound and well expressed.

In conclusion, I shall not attempt to express any complete judgment of Lowell as a critic. Not only does all discussion begin with a definition: it ends with a definition also. If we consider it the function of a critic to formulate a philosophic system of literary laws, to apply this to various authors, and from it to form a rational conclusion of the merits of the author, we can hardly say that Lowell is a critic at all. If, on the other hand, we accept Professor Brewster's definition, which I, a person of lazy mind, find very convenient, that criticism is simply "talk about books"—a definition which makes excellence in criticism depend simply on the critic's power to interest a reader—Lowell takes very high rank indeed.

My attempt being, not to say how big a man Lowell was, but rather what kind of man, I can hardly conclude better than with one of his own sentences—a remark on Thoreau, but capable of very different application:—

His appreciation is of the highest quality; his critical power, from want of continuity of mind, very limited and inadequate. . . . He had none of the artistic mastery which controls a great work to completeness, but exquisite mechanical skill in the shaping of sentences and paragraphs.⁴²

There is Lowell in his own looking-glass.

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⁴²*Works*, I, p. 369.

MAURICE BARRÈS

Within the last two years France has lost two great men of letters: Pierre Loti and Maurice Barrès. Whatever their relative merits as writers, the death of Barrès was certainly the more untimely, for while Loti at the age of seventy-three had virtually ended his literary career, Barrès was only in his fruitful maturity. Indeed, during the year preceding his death four of his best volumes appeared. Further, whereas Loti manifested no interest in politics, Barrès's patriotic activity helped to make him a national figure.

Owing partly to his moderate position between radicals and conservatives, this 'egotist' was peculiarly qualified to plead national causes. Although never forgetting the 'bastions' of the eastern frontier, he for years waged an ardent campaign in favor of France's neglected churches. Similarly, since the late war he had enlisted public interest on behalf of her scientific laboratories. And on the day after his death he was to have addressed the chamber regarding French mission schools in the Levant, a question very dear to him. In 1914 he had succeeded Paul Déroulède as president of the League of Patriots. The same year he introduced the bill that established a national celebration in memory of Joan of Arc. To the creation of the "sacred French union," without which France might have lost the war, Maurice Barrès probably contributed more than any other citizen. Small wonder that his funeral should have been regarded as an event comparable to that of Victor Hugo's.

Maurice Barrès was born in 1862 at Charmes-sur-Moselle. His mother came from an ancient family of Lorraine. But his paternal ancestors, for centuries resident in Auvergne, had emigrated to Lorraine only after the First Empire. Both of his grandfathers served in the Napoleonic Wars. His paternal grandfather, an officer in the Imperial Guard, was at various times personally addressed by Napoleon. His memoirs were recently published by Maurice, who writes: "*Ma piété pour l'armée, pour le génie de l'Empereur et pour la gloire semble prolonger les émotions qu'a connues mon grand-père.*"

After studying law at the University of Nancy, young Barrès, like his unfortunate heroes in *Les Déracinés*, emigrated to Paris. Dreamy and dissatisfied, he tried journalism, letters and politics. At that time General Boulanger sought to become dictator, and in the campaign of 1889 Maurice Barrès, as one of his partisans, was elected deputy for Nancy. But the Boulangist movement was short-lived. Nor did a review founded by Barrès prove a financial success.

On the other hand, his attempts at prose fiction brought him immediate distinction. His three novels dealing with the cult of the *ego*, issued between 1888 and 1891, intoxicated the younger generation. Socially and ethically demoralized by the disasters of 1870, French youths found in *Sous l'oeil des Barbares*, *Un homme libre* and *Le Jardin de Bérénice* a stimulating tonic for their mental depression. They prized Barrésian ideology the more because they had vainly sought guidance in Renan and Taine. To quote Henri Massis, "Le jour où Barrès nous fut révélé, ce fut une révélation sur nous-mêmes. Alors que nos professeurs ne nous entretenaient que de raison universelle, nous découvrions un écrivain qui nous parlait de notre âme."

Meanwhile the young master's introspective musings had seriously modified his earlier convictions. In his feverish quest for a justification of life Barrès had, like his neophytes, studied Kant and Hegel. Disappointed there, he next tried Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, but with no better results. Neither did his *Huit jours chez M. Renan* satisfy him for long. And so in his brooding anarchy he looked further. Eventually he found beneath the individual its support, the collectivity. In other words, he came to realize that the individual ego is but an aspect of the national ego. Upon this solid foundation Barrès anchored his philosophy. Thus the subtle analyst, who had started from systematic egotism, became an ardent champion of the family, of society and of tradition.

To those ideas Barrès shortly gave eloquent expression in his trilogy of romances treating the subject of national energy. *Les Déracinés*, which strikes the keynote, vigorously condemns abandoning one's native heritage for an alluring but mediocre

existence elsewhere. As Barrès has made clear, such 'disrupted' citizens, transplanted to a strange environment, adapt themselves with difficulty to their new surroundings. At the same time the moralist protests against the evils of centralization. Why indeed should Paris drain provincial France of its brains and vitality?

L'Appel au Soldat, the second of the group, might be called an historical novel. It depicts the Boulangist movement, with interesting sidelights upon French politics and upon national instability, one result of the harmful practices painted in *Les Déracinés*. It emphasizes also the dignity of the soldier's protective mission. *Leurs Figures*, the third romance, echoes the Panama scandal, parliamentary corruption appearing as a malignant cancer sapping the national energy. Here we find a gallery of portraits worthy of Daumier. The admirable psychology and pungent satire of this novel show Maurice Barrès to be a modern Saint-Simon. His magnificent trilogy possesses unusual documentary value for the historian and for the sociologist.

After Barrès's romances about national energy appeared his "bastions of the East," comprising the novels *Au service de l'Allemagne* and *Colette Baudouche*. With them may be grouped *Le Génie du Rhin*. All three reflect his unrelaxed vigilance to recover and protect the Rhine frontier. In *Au service de l'Allemagne*, composed nine years before the World War, Barrès concluded that the French of the annexed provinces should remain "in Germany's service" rather than forfeit their influence by emigrating beyond the Vosges.

Greatly superior as fiction is *Colette Baudouche*, his novel portraying a conflict between French and German civilization. The heroine lives with her grandmother at Metz. Owing to financial reverses, they rent lodgings to a young professor from East Prussia, in spite of their French culture. Colette, who incarnates the delicate charm of Lorraine, so attracts the Prussian teacher that he proposes marriage, although he is engaged to a girl at Königsberg. At first it seems to Colette that she loves this enemy of her race, impressed as she is by his seriousness and by the naïve simplicity of his character. How indeed could she resist the homage to her province implied in his suit? But acceptance

of the Prussian's hand would be a tacit acknowledgment of French defeat. Thus the conflict in the heroine's heart assumes a Corneillian aspect. Finally, as with the great classic dramatist, patriotism triumphs over love. At a memorial service for the French soldiers who fell before Metz in the war with Germany, Colette definitely makes up her mind to decline the alliance.

If we except *La colline inspirée*, *Colette Baudouche* is probably Barrès's finest romance. Its psychology of character, minute realism and harmonious composition all evidence masterly art. Everything about it bears proof of balance and measure. Obviously the theme appealed alike to the novelist's temperament, his imagination and his heart. The whole is bathed in an atmosphere of tender affection for the Gallic civilization of his native province. This because it reflects Barrès's fundamental instinct, inherited from his ancestors: the desire to drive the Prussians from Charmes and to bring back the French to Alsace and Lorraine.

True, the World War crowned that long-cherished desire. But Maurice Barrès feared that, without a strong eastern frontier, his country might again lose her recovered provinces. Hence his constant thought of the Rhine after the Armistice. Although his burden during the four years of the Great War had seriously impaired his health, he undertook a course of lectures on the Rhine question. Delivered at the University of Strasbourg in 1920, these bear the title of *Le Génie du Rhin*. His audience included many distinguished citizens of Alsace or of Lorraine, as well as from other parts of France, among them being M. Poincaré.

After an historical survey of the Rhine territory, Maurice Barrès considered the economic, intellectual and spiritual contributions of France to the west bank. Naturally, he lauded the achievements under the Napoleonic occupation by such officials as Jeanbon, Lezay-Marnésia, Ladoucette, Doazan and Hoche. He affirmed that in the regained provinces it will be the duty of France to foster economic and social interests. But above all else she should, as in the past, accomplish an intellectual mission. She should inculcate in the Rhenish people ideals that

will bring them into close contact with Latin culture and forever turn them from the Germanism of Berlin. But how can the invasion of Germanic thought be checked? By thinking better than do the Germans. With regard to the territory under Allied occupation he declared: "No annexation; no short-sighted attempts at assimilation; no conspiracy. A Rhenish citizen has not the same mentality as a Frenchman of Champagne." Nor should France forget that the Rhenish provinces are essentially Catholic.

That mistake would never have been made by Maurice Barrès. Of all Frenchmen in public life during the last quarter-century he probably accomplished most for religion. Unable to prevent the breach between Church and State, he became the eloquent champion of church property, which the Separation Law threatened with ruin. His illuminating volume entitled *La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France* contains in substance many of the documents that served for his parliamentary speeches. He pointed out to his countrymen that, quite aside from petty political quarrels, and as a mere matter of civilization, they owed the venerable edifices in which their ancestors worshipped a minimum of respect.

Nor did Barrès confine to continental France his solicitude for spiritual matters. Thus her overseas interests, to which the expulsion of her Congregations was working serious harm, claimed his attention. In the Levant especially, the situation was critical. The extensive schools and charitable institutions that French missionaries had established there must some day close their doors for lack of a trained personnel. And so Barrès, being a member of Parliament, set out in the spring of 1914 for the Near East to seek first-hand information about such French mission-schools. At the same time he proposed to study Oriental mysticism and the followers of Mohammed. Incidentally, no doubt he welcomed the opportunity of imitating in this regard Chateaubriand and Lamartine. Like them he brought back a bounteous harvest of impressions. But the World War intervening, these were published only recently in two works: *Une Enquête aux pays du Levant* and *Un Jardin sur l'Oronte*. The first, even though bathed at times in a mystic atmosphere, is authentic history; the second poetic fiction.

Une Enquête recounts the vicissitudes of Barrès's journey. His itinerary included Alexandria, Beirut, the Lebanon region, Damascus, Antioch, Konieh and Constantinople. In each place he inspected the French institutions and questioned the missionaries regarding their beneficent influence and their success in propagating the culture of France. Nor did he fail to note their needs and difficulties, especially those arising from recent legislation. Of course, such confidential interviews often illuminated alike the spiritual welfare of the natives and Oriental mysticism, subjects which had long interested Barrès, the visionary romanticist. Guided by his curiosity, he made excursions to regions almost inaccessible and called upon the queerest of religious sects. Thus the distinguished tourist accomplished a double aim: while making a scientific investigation he now and then gave himself whole-heartedly over to the intoxicating mystic perfume of the Orient.

True, that dual interest of the author's at times creates in his book a sort of discordance. But after all, whoever would bring those Orientals under the Catholic influence of the Occident must first penetrate their psychology. Unhappily, Barrès's penchant for Eastern mysticism occasionally alarms his Western co-religionists. Thus his *Enquête*, and particularly *Un Jardin*, threatened for a time to start in France a heated dogmatic dispute. The fact is, Barrès could not resist the fascination of those who compel reality to conform to their dreams. Yet in the end the Orientals prove disappointing, and our pilgrim sings renewed praise to Roman Catholicism: "Gloire à nos races d'Occident, à leur grande tradition religieuse et historique!" Without attempting to judge Barrès's spiritual conclusions, we believe that this splendid work will be found among his enduring creations.

For *Un Jardin sur l'Oronte*, the romantic fruit of Barrès's journey to the Levant, critics predict similar vitality. What a fine poetic rebirth in the declining years of a great prose writer supposedly engrossed in national questions! In this 'swan-song' Barrès depicts an imaginary paradise of voluptuousness and will, forces which often contend for supremacy in the artist's temperament. The story is of a young French crusader who

falls passionately in love with a beautiful Mussulman lady of rank. Circumstances conspire to make Chevalier Guillaume the protector of fair Oriante against the besieging Christians. Failing in his tragic mission, the hero suffers crucifixion. Fortunately Oriante embraces Christianity and becomes sovereign abbess of a flourishing convent. *Un Jardin*, with its caressing melodies and Oriental love philters, may be likened to the story of Tristan and Iseult.

We have noted several volumes by Maurice Barrès which seem destined to withstand the wear of time. But the author himself regarded those as less imperishable than his *Chronique de la Grande Guerre*. No doubt he did put into this imposing monument most pride and exultation, most anguish and grief, most emotion and patriotic fire. Nor could one well imagine a better criterion of his genius. Think of it! Throughout four long, agonizing years, and in spite of other duties that urgently demanded his attention, he penned every evening a spontaneous article. Day after day he consecrated his heart and soul to the national weal.

From his palpitant pen flowed touching farewells to young heroes,—sympathy, sorrow, comfort, faith, hope. Although never meddling in military affairs, he on occasion denounced negligence and treason. Frequent trips through the war zone (he visited also England and Italy) enabled him to keep well informed. To be sure, others have ground out their daily article, with now and then a good composition. But Barrès's contributions are nearly all of a high literary character. No banalities, no wish-wash repetitions. On the contrary, every article exhibits his temperament from a new angle. His creative powers appear as self-renewing because he wrote under intense emotion. Consequently the fourteen volumes of this *Chronique* admirably reflect the mental life of France during the European War.

For his country's future, Maurice Barrès had latterly three chief cares. After the Rhine frontier and spiritual matters it was particularly the scientific laboratories that gave him concern. For was it not partly Germany's superiority in this regard that had emboldened her to embark upon the war? Before the world conflict he had regarded this question as being out of his field, es-

pecially since the Third Republic affected an official cult of Science. But as the government took no serious measures to relieve the pitiable distress of the antiquated laboratories, Barrès declared that the national peril must be conjured. Hence his campaign on behalf of French science. In the *Echo de Paris*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and at the Chamber he pleaded for the construction of new laboratories and the equipment of the old ones. Thanks to his efforts, Parliament voted such funds, which were substantially augmented by the national subscription taken throughout France in memory of Pasteur. Barrès's contribution to the cause of science was fittingly recognized last December by the eminent chemist Moureu, who devoted to the subject his opening lecture at the Collège de France.

The elusive complexity of Maurice Barrès renders a synthetic conclusion most difficult. The mere mention of his work evokes in the critic's mind varied if not conflicting impressions. Each of his several aspects, when considered in detail, seems the most important. Nevertheless we clearly realize that his two fundamental traits were the romantic and the classic. He was at once, or at least intermittently, an ideologist and a rationalist. In his earlier career the romantic tendency predominated; afterwards, his classic penchant often held sway. But whichever ruled for the moment, both were equally essential. Either wanting, Barrès would have lacked the splendid equilibrium that characterized his genius.

Not that by a happy freak of nature he was endowed with romantic elements and realist elements harmoniously blended. Rather should we say that, having inherited such qualities unblended, he achieved their equilibrium, at times through strange detours. His preponderance of thought over imagination, his linguistic purity and faultless syntax are unmistakable classic traits. But it was, so to speak, in spite of himself that he approached classicism. "With all my romantic ancestors," he declared at the proper moment, "I ask only to come down from the barbarous forests and join the royal road. But the classicists to whom we submit must accord us the honors of war. And in enrolling us under their perfect discipline they must let us retain our sumptuous baggage and glorious banners." This very

struggle assured Barrès's originality, for it definitely accorded his sensibility with his intelligence.

Oddly enough, the attuning agency was politics. It was political activity that brought Barrès out of his brooding *ego*, the enervating languor of which might otherwise have blighted his career. It was politics that revealed to him his latent genius and augmented him in the eyes of his countrymen. As already pointed out, this apostle of nationalism, who from 1906 was continuously a member of Parliament, exerted upon the destinies of his country a potent influence. In truth, he initiated the revival of French patriotism and became, after Déroulède, its chief artisan. Every national question was sure to find him at his listening-post, ready to rally volunteers. Happily, as Barrès contrived to fuse his romantic and classic proclivities, so he balanced politics and letters. Without their political and spiritual content, such masterpieces as *Les Déracinés*, *Leurs Figures*, *Colette Baudoche*, *La Colline inspirée* and *Une Enquête* would be unthinkable.

It was his firm conviction that even the greatest artists should render service, if not to religion and morality, at least to the national heritage and civilization. Whereas around the year 1890 most French writers were content to be 'intellectuals', Maurice Barrès glorified life and activity. He early opposed the sterile intellectualism of French education, which he considered as in some measure responsible for the disquieting number of unfortunate *déracinés* and *déclassés*. Similarly, he pricked the arrogant bubble of materialism and helped to dispel the depressing atmosphere created by naturalistic literature. Although he composed a political drama, he very rarely attended the theatre. Nor did he enjoy music, resembling in this respect other romantics. In the French Academy, to which he was elected in 1906, he replaced Heredia. Some years ago the present writer heard Maurice Barrès address the League of Patriots. Unlike Déroulède, he was no finished orator, yet his words went straight to the hearts of his audience.

Probably no French *littérateur* of his generation, excelled Barrès the thinker; none formed a more personal conception of the universe. Although he often dwelt in elevated regions, this

fact seemingly enabled his idealism to reach the greater number. For the higher a genius rises above mankind, the nearer he approaches the eternal man in each of us. Or, to quote Barrès himself: "Plus Dante monte dans le surnaturel, plus il donne l'impression de la nature vraie." The group of his works comprising *La Colline inspirée*, *La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France* and *Les familles spirituelles de la France* has been called, by allusion to Chateaubriand, *The Genius of Twentieth-Century Christianity*. In political histories of the last twenty-five years Maurice Barrès should occupy considerable space. His influence lacking, France would not be quite what she is. Posterity will certainly place him among the masters of style. Yet he was not only a great writer; he was conspicuously a great citizen.

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EN ROUTE

"No beauty, she!" I inwardly commented,
 Glancing across the aisle to where she sat,
 For she was slack and awkward, creased with fat,
 (By men an ugly woman is resented,
 Her presence makes them vaguely discontented,
 She disappoints,—they can't forgive her that);
 I looked again and saw her restless brat
 Pulling her skirt and driving her demented.

Bright-eyed and chubby was the little sweep,
 He worried till she took him under wing:
 How gently round him did her huge arm creep
 Until he slept for bliss of mothering;
 The woman was illumined!—Commonplace?—
 She held him, watched him with a shining face.

NICHOLAS NORMAN.

KEATS AND ADVERSITY

Various critics have grieved over the fact that Keats cried out for "a life of sensations rather than of thoughts" and have concluded that he paid scant attention to the deeper problems that beset humanity, especially the problem of evil, yet Keats lived a life more poignantly touched with varied sorrows than were the lives of some of his great contemporaries. The evils that Keats knew were not chiefly self-inflicted, as in the case of Lord Byron, whose philosophy was that of the schoolboy. Keats had sorrows, anxieties, depressions which Wordsworth and Browning did not know in their early days; his youth was full of pain and struggle and spiritual loneliness. No Dorothy gave him inspiration and corrective criticism, no happy home life with educated parents was a protection from the sense of being isolated and apart.

To trace the history of Keats's acquaintance with 'evil' is to realize how much struggle there was in his life, and how much courage he possessed in his combat with adversity. By inheritance and tradition Keats had the restless, seeking mood of the men of southwestern England, something of dissatisfaction with the easy externals of commonplace existence. The Cornish folk have always been dreamers, moody, pensive, exalted. As a boy Keats was distinguished by a meditative sadness. His brother George wrote:—

From the time we were boys at school, where we loved, jangled, and fought alternately, until we separated in 1818, I in a great measure relieved him by continual sympathy, explanation, and inexhaustible spirits and good humour, from many a bitter fit of hypochondriasm.

Sensibility was tested early by calamity. When Keats was nine years old his father was thrown from his horse, and died in a few hours. Who can say what effect such a shock would have upon a child intensely capable of feeling? Keats lost a father much beloved and, the eldest child, was a meditative witness of the sorrow of the other members of the family. Children carry

with them griefs which they never share with their elders, and from thinking about their griefs often form adverse and rebellious opinions regarding the beneficence of God and the sympathy of men.

At the age of fifteen Keats watched, with anguish, the sufferings of his mother, who died after a prolonged struggle with chronic rheumatism, followed by consumption. Cowden Clarke describes the boy's sufferings:—

He sat up whole nights with her in a great chair, would suffer nobody to give her medicine, or even cook her food, but himself, and read novels to her in her intervals of ease, —and how bitterly he mourned for her when she was gone—he gave way to such impassioned and prolonged grief (hiding himself in a nook under the master's desk) as awakened the liveliest pity and sympathy in all who saw him.

There is essential tragedy in the fact that probably the seeds of tubercular trouble were communicated to him, at this moment of devotion to his mother, by some fate that rewards filial piety with ironic recompense.

At the time when the poetic genius of Keats was receiving its first inspiration at the Clarke School at Enfield, under the guidance of Charles Cowden Clarke, the lad was withdrawn from school and apprenticed (1811) to a surgeon-apothecary for a term of five years. Although there is no record of any opposition on Keats's part, at this time, he must have had some bitter moments in abandoning the studies so dear to him and devoting himself to a rigid course in science. One of the most interesting facts in his career, however, is his rather indolent acceptance of this situation, and his apparently sturdy effort to carry on work increasingly distasteful to him. As an index to his tenacity, it is important to note that he left Mr. Hammond in 1815, to enter Guy's Hospital, London, persevering in uncongenial studies far enough to secure in 1816, from the Court of Apothecaries, a license to practise.

The probable effect upon Keats of observing sickness and suffering for five years is a subject that deserves consideration. It is impossible to believe that he looked, untouched, upon the various kinds of physical anguish which he would see while in

Guy's Hospital. Every sort of human ill was before him. In the days before anæsthetics were used, surgical operations must have moved the hardest heart to pity. What was his answer to the question of human pain? What sympathy did he give to patients, whose circumstances must have wrung his heart? We must believe that the presence of so many diseases, so much accident, the association with the results of vice and cruelty, would exert a great influence upon him, stamping him with the indelible knowledge of the innumerable torments the human body may suffer. Not to impute too great a gloom to this period, we must believe that Keats was deeply impressed by the strength and remarkable courage of which an agonized human being was capable, the power will have over matter.

Abandoning his profession and its associations, Keats settled down for a happy period in London, with his two brothers, indulging, to the full, his zest for reading and writing poetry. Yet at the end of this year, when perhaps he was most contented, Keats wrote to Bailey:—

I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness—I look not for it if it be not in the present hour,—nothing startles me beyond the moment. . . . The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this—"Well, it cannot be helped; he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his Spirit."

After the long strain of composing *Endymion*, Keats eagerly awaited the fate of the book at the hands of readers and critics. The venomous attacks upon it in *Blackwood's Magazine* and in the *Quarterly* were too obviously intentional to be significant, yet Keats felt the serpent's sting intensely. His personal chagrin was little compared with his depression at the spectacle of the perversion of criticism to serve mean ends. He missed, too, the constructive criticism which would have provided him with correctives. There is no sign in his letters of much supporting appreciation from his friends,—he seems to have felt their friendship, but not their critical intelligence, in relation to *Endymion*. The tonic of a direct and keen pointing out of the flaws in the poem would have stimulated him, but he was forced to be his own critic,—perhaps a wholesome experience, for it made him

reflect acutely. But he lost, to some degree, his confidence that the world—including his friends—cared for poetry apart from the poet. He realized that few shared with him the artist's passion for creating beauty.

More reserved than he had been, but also more deeply determined to accomplish great things, Keats was startled from his self-communings by the illness of his brother Tom and by the prospect of the departure of his brother George for America, to seek a more prosperous life. John's affection for his brothers was notably sincere and tender, as is shown by the sonnet *To My Brothers*, and also by a portion of a letter written to Bailey, June 10, 1818:—

I have two brothers; one is driven, by the "burden of Society", to America; the other with an exquisite love of life, is in a lingering state. My love for my Brothers, from the early loss of our parents, and even from earlier misfortunes, has grown into an affection "passing the love of women". I have been ill-tempered with them—I have vexed them—but the thought of them has always stifled the impression that any woman might otherwise have made upon me. I have a sister too, and may not follow them to America or to the grave. Life must be undergone, and I certainly derive some consolation from the thought of writing one or two more poems before it closes.

Having said farewell to George, who sailed for America, and having seen Tom in comfortable surroundings for what was hoped would be a speedy convalescence, Keats undertook his Scotch journey in company with his sane, sturdy friend, Charles Brown. The journey was in many ways as rewarding as he had hoped, but he came home, in August, with a bad throat and some ill effects from the cold and dampness of his travels. He had been recalled because Tom had grown much worse; from this time on he devoted himself to his brother, who was in advanced stages of consumption. Watching the patient with the knowledge of a medical student, with the apprehensiveness of a brother, and with the imaginative insight of a poet, Keats never faltered in his devotion, although he probably knew something of the dangers to which he was exposed.

On December 1, 1818, Tom Keats died. The letter which carried this news to George is one of the most significant letters of Keats's life, because of his effort to comfort his brother, his over-careful recital of what he was himself doing (as if he wished George to understand that life had become normal again for him), his reference to the kindness of his various friends, and his mention of Mrs. Brawne and of her daughter, who was destined to be for him the cause of so much mingled happiness and misery.

After Tom Keats died John went to live with Brown at Hampstead, near Mr. and Mrs. Dilke. These friends had gradually become dearer to him than Haydon and Hunt had been. A certain disillusionment had occurred in regard to Hunt, whom Keats now saw as he was,—a sentimental dilettante. Calm days were in store for Keats, in cosy, homelike surroundings, suitable for work, but he was fully sensible of the separation from his family: Tom dead; George in America, struggling for a livelihood; and Fanny under the care of churlish guardians, who even put a ban upon too frequent letters from John.

Fanny Brawne began now to absorb the attention and affection of Keats; but the love which grew so rapidly gave him excitement, suffering, suspense, rather than peace and joy. The young girl, with her natural love of pleasure and coquetry, was unable to understand the intensity of her lover's nature, and from sheer inexperience and youthful self-absorption did not grasp the nature of his concentrated affection, but she must be absolved of any intentional cruelty.

At this moment Keats, at the height of his physical strength, was under the most intense emotional and intellectual stress. His reveries are marked by a deep melancholy, culminating in the *Ode to a Nightingale*, but prepared for by several poems of brooding sadness. This ode has a power over readers that seems to illustrate something of the Aristotelian doctrine of purification and refinement of feeling through an imaginative sharing of the tragic experiences of others. So profound is the emotion awakened in reading it, so deep is the sense of sympathy given and received, that the poem is one of the most beloved lyrics in the English language. It has the distinction, too, of being the most perfect expression of that meditative melancholy

characteristic of some of the poets of Romanticism. The mournful egotism of Chateaubriand, the pessimism of Schopenhauer, the dull sadness of Blair's *Grave*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and even the stately beauty of Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* express moods that are intellectual and that have a certain pleasure in their consciousness of their power of analyzing this melancholy. But the *Ode to a Nightingale* has none of the quality of curious, pleased self-observation, none of the reasoned sadness arising from non-partisan contemplation of man's eternal fate. It is a poem of intense feeling, cadenced with the accents of doubt and sorrow keenly felt by an individual; it is the direct result of individual experience which has given the poet insight into the griefs of all mankind. Personal as it is, it has an entire aloofness from the egotistical vanity of Byron's recitals of woe, or from the cold, ghoulish self-analysis of De Quincey.

Weary and dejected, the poet listened to the song of the nightingale and was, for a moment, exalted by the full-throated music of the bird whose very existence is inwrought with summer shadows and the unthinking joy of mere existence. Keats longed vehemently for some magic potion, a draught that would help the poetic imagination to escape from the brooding sorrows of the world of men, the world of mind and suffering. Poverty and grinding toil in youth, accompanied by starvation, fever, and exhaustion; palsy and miserable old age, are the lot of the mortal. The pleasure man finds in nature, in beauty, in love, fluctuates and passes swiftly. Death seems the only release from a world where loneliness and disappointment are made even more keen by sharp contrast with the radiant joy of the bird. Man's life—so brief, so transitory, so full of beauty desired but not attained—is sad and defeated, while the nightingale's is the very voice of triumphant happiness. The melody, the beauty, to which struggling Keats wished so intensely to attain in his art, are the birthright of a mere nightingale, whose song has outlived many generations, bringing swift, lovely fancies to far-away, solitary dreamers. Men indeed, as a race, survive, but the individual, with all his hopes, his aspirations, his 'identity', his potential power of creation, passes, becoming again an integral part of nature,—a sod.

Keats suggests here both the bane and the antidote of life. Doubtless everyone who cares for the ode feels that in suggesting this perpetual interrelation between man and nature, the very sentiment of despair and dejection is by implication soothed by the unconscious ministry of nature's beauty. Interwoven with allusions to mortal grief, are descriptions of beechen green, the forest dim, the flowers whose fragrances proclaim through the darkness their identity. Not wholly uncomforted was the man who could so perfectly perceive the path of life passing through "verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways."

After the writing of the ode, difficulties increased. During the second half of 1819 Keats suffered from anxiety about money matters. Because the inheritance from his brother Tom's estate was withheld on a technicality he was in a difficult position. Although his friends were generous, he felt the sting of his straitened means. Moreover, relations with Haydon had become unhappy because of that artist's easy and really dishonest attitude towards repaying money borrowed. The egotism and shallowness of Hunt were growing oppressive to Keats. Disillusioned about men, despondent about poetry, fretted by little cares, Keats determined to try to gain a livelihood by writing for the periodical press. But before any very decisive steps could be taken there came the blow which threatened to extinguish all hope. On February 3, 1820, he had a hemorrhage, following a cold, exposed journey on a stage-coach. The poet-surgeon knew at once what the facts were and said quietly enough: "That drop of blood is my death-warrant;—I must die." Despite fluctuations of strength and deceiving hopes of health, he was not misled into any false views of his future. From February, 1820, to the end he merely existed, tormented by the sense of being defeated in his struggle, destroyed before his time, the victim of inexplicable fate, struck down at the moment when he was conscious of having gained control of his own artistic powers.

His letters after this are full of allusions to the human being's need of physical health. Fanny received many exhortations to consider her health. Perhaps the most striking of these appears in a letter of August 23, 1820:—

Nothing is so bad as want of health—it makes one envy scavengers and cinder-sifters. . . . Do not diet your mind with grief, it destroys the constitution: but let your chief care be your health, and with that you will meet your share of Pleasure in the world—do not doubt it.

It was decided that Keats must not spend the winter in England but must go to Italy, if his remaining strength was to be saved. With his friend Severn he embarked on a sailing-vessel which was thirty-four days in reaching Naples. The passage was rough and stormy, yet Keats was well enough to give help and advice to many of the suffering passengers. From Naples he wrote a heart-rending letter to Brown, concerning his love for Fanny Brawne and his anguish at leaving her:—

I will endeavour to bear my miseries patiently. A person in my state of health should not have such miseries to bear. . . . O, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers!—then I might hope,—but despair is forced upon me as a habit. . . . It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery.

In Rome he was pleasantly established in a golden-stucco house at the foot of the Spanish Stairs. For five months he existed, enjoying the little glimpses he had of the city and of the gardens of the Pincian Hill. With the indescribably devoted care of Severn he endured fevered days and troubled nights, listening to the only books which soothed him—Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, for the grave beauty of the stately prose brought comfort to the artist's imagination. Racked by disease, tortured by his longing for Fanny Brawne, poor, lonely, conscious of defeat in the battle of life and art, he died on February 23, 1821, at the age of twenty-six. John Wilson Croker, author of the review in the *Quarterly*, lived to be seventy-seven.

What did Keats think about the presence of evil in human life? Did he have any philosophy about it or did he merely evade the question? A few passages will show that his perception of human misery was intense.

Were it in my choice, I would reject a Petrarchal coronation on account of my dying day, and because women have cancers.

To Reynolds he wrote:—

However, among the effects this breathing is father of is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of Man—of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of Misery and Heart-break, Pain, Sickness, and oppression—whereby this Chamber of Maiden Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages—We see not the balance of good and evil; we are in a mist—we are now in that state, we feel the "Burden of the Mystery". . . . If we live, and go on thinking, we too shall explore them.

In the *Epistle to Reynolds* he said:—

. I saw
Too far into the sea, where every maw
The greater on the less feeds evermore.—
But I saw too distinct into the core
Of an eternal fierce destruction,
And so from happiness I far was gone.
Still am I sick of it, and tho', to-day,
I've gathered young spring-leaves and flowers gay
Of periwinkle and wild strawberry,
Still do I that most fierce destruction see,—
The Shark at savage prey,—the Hawk at pounce,—
The gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,
Ravens a worm,—

Keats had few illusions,—he knew that the whole principle of life was one of varying suffering for man and beast. He saw man often vain, selfish, frivolous, cruel by intent as well as through sheer stupidity. Yet he could say: "Scenery is fine—but human nature is finer." While he was trying to think out this problem he followed a course of action based upon a love of comeliness, fitness, honor, unselfishness. He was constantly in his letters speaking of the goodness, the kindness of his friends,—Haslam, Brown, Dilke, Reynolds, and the others. He was trying in his own actions to illustrate the laws of kindness and tenderness. He seems never to have taken a mean advantage of another, never

to have sought pleasure at the expense of another's happiness. His letters of condolence,—to Mrs. Wylie, when her daughter went to America; to Reynolds, when he was ill; to Haydon, when he was depressed; to Tom, to George, to Fanny, were full of solicitude. Among the last letters to Brown is this touching plea: "Do not, my dear Brown, tease yourself about me. You must fill up your time as well as you can, and as happily."

Keats acted instinctively, upon a faith which he later brought to verbal expression. His ethical theory was based upon sound foundations of experience. He seems not to have shared the early views of Wordsworth and of Shelley, who accepted the Godwinian doctrine that evil is the result of what man has made of man. The *Lyrical Ballads* are full of protest against selfishness, greed, cruelty. Goody Blake, poor, shivering with cold as she toiled unceasingly in her miserable broken old age, is pictured as the victim of man's arrogant inhumanity. Heal the heart of man and life will be sweet, was the doctrine of young Wordsworth. Later, when he became more acquainted with bodily suffering and the calamities of life not chargeable to man's cruelty, he voiced his belief in an overruling Power in whom man must have faith:—

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

Shelley saw men as victims of human tyranny and selfishness, and believed that they might be wholly happy if wholly free from laws. He ignored the physical ills of man, regarding them apparently as the result of poverty and oppression. He never grasped the fact that rich and poor alike are almost as much victims of nature as of man's tyranny, he said little of the tragic law of spiritual causality which makes man pay the penalty for his own weakness and ill-will.

Byron, in *Cain* and elsewhere, upbraids the Deity for wanton cruelty to man. His philosophy of life was crude, for he ab-

solved man more or less in order to place the burden upon God. The idea that man must atone for his own sins, must discipline himself, did not enter very definitely into Byron's scheme of lordly existence.

Keats avoided both these extremes. He did not see mankind divided into two clearly separated classes—oppressed and oppressors. While he had few illusions about man's nature, seeing him lacking in "disinterestedness", Keats recognized the fact that men are of mixed impulses and ideals,—neither wholly good nor wholly bad. As regards God, however, Keats certainly did not believe in a Being bestowing good and evil according to his caprice, or for the pleasure of seeing human beings suffer, or through impotence to control evil, or through any antagonism towards man. The God of Hebrew literature and of Calvinism was not his. He accepted the existence of a Power, supremely great and irrevocably identified with the inner life of every creature. He believed that God had from the beginning endowed men with power to think and to judge, with freedom of will and of action. Never does Keats suggest that his mortal illness was due to the wilful act of a deity; rather, he seems to suggest that his own carelessness and lack of attention to health had induced disease. He expected no miracles to be wrought in the physical world, which must follow inexorable appointed laws; but he was aware that in the world of spirit, the true domain of God, miracles, mysteries, and wonders daily occur. Keats's views are set forth in several letters, in which he declares his faith that the individual is largely responsible for his unhappiness and suffering, that upon him rests a duty to aspire, to achieve spiritual strength and moral consciousness. It is man's destiny to struggle with evil of all sorts, for, in Shakespeare's phrase,—

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.

This is shown in various letters. To Brown he wrote:—

Real grievances are displacers of passion. The imaginary nail a man down for a sufferer, as on a cross; the real spur him up into an agent.

To Haydon:—

I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man—
they make our Prime Objects a Refuge as well as a Passion.

To George:—

You say, "These things will be a great torment to me."
I shall not suffer them to be so. I shall only exert myself
the more, while the seriousness of their nature will prevent
me from nursing up imaginary griefs.

And in *Hyperion* we find the words:—

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.

Keats thus seems to have accepted the presence of suffering
not only as inevitable, but as a valuable part of existence. "As
Byron says, 'Knowledge is sorrow'; and I go on to say that
'Sorrow is wisdom'." The semi-philosophical explanation is
given in a long letter written April 28, 1819, to his brother:—

The common cognomen of this world among the mis-
guided and superstitious is "a vale of tears" from which
we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition
of God and taken to Heaven. What a little circumscribed
straitened notion! Call the world if you please "The
vale of Soul-making". Then you will find out the use of
the world. (I am speaking now in the highest terms for
human nature admitting it to be immortal which I will here
take for granted for the purpose of showing a thought which
has struck me concerning it). I say "*Soul-making*"—Soul as
distinguished from an Intelligence. There may be intelli-
gences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are
not Souls until they acquire identities, till each one is
personally itself. Intelligences are atoms of perception
—they know and they see and they are pure, in short they
are God—How then are Souls to be made? How then
are these sparks which are God to have identity given them
—so as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one's indi-
vidual existence? How but by the medium of a world like
this? Do you not see how necessary a world of
Pains and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it

a Soul? A place where the heart must feel and suffer a thousand divers ways. Not merely is the Heart a Horn-book. It is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the text from which the Mind or Intelligence sucks its identity. As various as the Lives of Men are—so various become their souls, and thus does God make individual beings, Souls, Identical Souls of the sparks of his own Essence. This appears to me a faint sketch of a system of Salvation which does not offend our reason and humanity.

Evidently Keats was profoundly conscious of the fact that human destiny is not yet complete; that the universe itself is still in evolution. He seems to have regarded the world as the work of a supreme creative artist, but, since all art is tentative, the Great Artist did not win immediate outward perfection. Much still remains to be accomplished before Ultimate Beauty is realized. Although he had little to say about the nature of God, Keats everywhere seems to assume a process that works constantly for perfection. Evil is not a definitely planned arrangement for rewarding the wicked or chastening the good. We call evil the experiences which we judge by a limited conception of the tremendous destiny of life. In our puny way we see experiences that cause anguish to our bodies and to our souls, and because of our human frailty we shrink from them. But the strong, intelligent soul knows that the bitterness is temporal; inherent in it is wisdom of the greatest depth and dynamic power. Humanity must consider spiritual, not physical, truth if life is to be clearly understood and rightly lived. We should—

. . . . see as a god sees, and take the depth
Of things as nimbly as the outward eye
Can size and shape pervade.

The sheltered life careful of itself is as unstable and insignificant as the moth's. The adventurous life with all its mistakes and sufferings is vital and self-justifying.

Not till this moment did I ever feel
My spirit's faculties.

The individual must accept his existence as part of a great organic relationship, involving the whole order of life. And so

John Keats, knowing that "axioms of philosophy are not axioms until they are proved upon our pulses", believed that he must regard his personal sufferings as having a meaning greater than individual pain or grief. The agony of his last year of life often expressed itself in bitter outcries against fate, he endured a desperate dispute with "impassioned clay", with physical prostration that dragged down the struggling spirit, but we must recognize the fact that he remained always—

At war with all the frailty of grief.

Hyperion, more than any other of Keats's poems, expresses the poet's mature judgment regarding the presence of unescapable suffering and struggle in human life; gives us Keats's faith in the ceaseless onward movement of life "to fresh perfection" through the power of beauty; and shows us his conception of the inexhaustible resources of the individual will. What Coelus said to his dismayed son, Keats would, perhaps, say to every anguished human being conscious within himself of powers transcending the clod:—

Yet do thou strive ; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God ;
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD.

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THE STAGE SERMONS OF DUMAS THE YOUNGER

Dumas the Younger followed different manners at different epochs of his career, and enjoyed command of a remarkable variety of devices for attracting an audience; but from *The Lady of the Camelias* to his last venture in symbolism, he was fundamentally the preacher. *The Lady of the Camelias* is admirable realism, but it is likewise the most earnest of sermons, and the preacher, just before he leaves the pulpit, specifically informs his audience that they will find his text in Luke 7: 47. The text, it is true, is perilously misapplied; but this, for our present purpose, is beside the mark. And the wild-eyed prophetic pieces of the last manner, which remain *pièces à thèse*, remain likewise moral homilies, frequently with a religious cast and almost always with a teaching which could scarcely fail to satisfy the most decent and cautious conservative. It was not without reason that an eminent Churchman assured Dumas that he had a divine mission to fulfil. He deals, generally, with an unpleasant theme; but, as for delicacy of treatment, a dozen American evangelists are now at large and unmolested, in this strait-laced second stronghold of Anglo-Saxon bashfulness, who are constantly giving vent, from the sacred pulpit, to such Bohemian boldness as Dumas was never guilty of. And for that matter the same thing can be said of a dozen young American playwrights. This natural son of a loose-lived father, brought up among free love and free speech, is remarkably free from the filth which befouls so much of the modern French stage.

The key to this dramatist's remarkable contemporary success is not principally his talent, although he had plenty of it, but his unconquerable bent for preaching. The writer has just now completed the re-reading of his ten volumes of plays and prefaces, and the task has been much easier than one would suppose; much easier for him, he must admit with pained conviction, than sixteen plays of Shakespeare would have been; easier even, he believes, than sixteen plays of Molière. But Molière was a preacher too, frequently, and the most breezily dogmatic

of preachers. If he had written always in the *Tartuffe* vein, he would certainly deserve the palm over Dumas or any other preacher in history. But Molière does not always preach; he trifles a good deal, and loses his grip, on one reader at least. Dumas is always serious and inspired, and the writer sat before him as he used to sit on the front seat in the Church he had not yet joined, searching his heart and his record, and too scared to dream of being bored.

Always serious, yet wielding the most brilliant epigrams even a Paris audience ever gasped in delight at being splashed with, like a half-naked child in front of a garden-hose. Always serious, yet the creator of a number of glorious comic characters. Those readers who find him cold and hard, have mistaken congenital sadness for lack of sympathy. No more naïve adherent of the doctrine of perfectibility ever wrote. And when, in his last years, he discovered that you can make money by preaching, but that you cannot make society over by moralizing at it, he became, not a mocker, but a melancholy mystic. There is something in one or two of his last prefaces which makes one think of Moses on Mount Nebo, or at least of the Moses of Vigny's poem.

But this lay Bourdaloue with the bar sinister, whose congregation heard him with bated breath at the Gymnase or the Théâtre Français, and went back promptly to their sins, just as they had done in the days of the other Bourdaloue, died one day and was strangely forgotten, while Molière and Shakespearc are still read a little and talked about a great deal. Molière preaches about many matters, and touches various eternally unsolved questions. *Tartuffe* and *Harpagon* are still pestering their neighbors in Paris and in Wichita, Kansas. But poor Dumas had only one theme, the sanctity of the marriage tie, and his handling of it is so limited by the legal and social conditions of his generation and his country that only the most sensitive of us catch his message with our imperfect receivers. He did try his hand with *The Money Question*, at another interesting matter, but knowing less about the stock exchange than he did about the divorce problem, he succeeded only in stirring up a feud with a vicious stock-jobber who chose to consider himself

caricatured, not at all in rocking to a salutary fall the rotten financial structure of Second-Empire France, or even in attaining any reputation as a reformer of big business.

We have already implied that although the universal validity of this dramatist's dicta is not sufficiently apparent to win him popular immortality, the small voice speaks in them for him who has ears to hear. Dumas appears to have lacked the musical feeling which is a *sine qua non* for the poet, but there is more simple fragrance in much of his work than some critics seem willing to concede. This forger of epigrams for the boulevards was but a simple soul at bottom. It was the poet in him, as well as the preacher, which aroused the ire of the mathematical muck-raker Zola. And to return to the preacher. His dogmas are hoary as Sinai, or even as the Garden, but they come out of his own life and the lives of his neighbors, and so are new and real to him. The writer does not know whether the wag who accused Roosevelt of having discovered the Ten Commandments realized that he was plagiarizing a caustic critic of Dumas, but both of them were wittier than they were fair. Every one of us has to discover the Ten Commandments if they are ever to become vitally his own; and there is in the thought of this neglected child of an irresponsible father, building from his own experience and observation, with as little help from precept and wholesome example as any child outside the very gutter has ever known, a moral and spiritual code which is unshakably his own and yet which squares exactly with the precepts of the Church and the accumulated wisdom of the ages, a unique confirmation of their soundness. Some of us have been taught that certain things are true because God said them; Dumas discovered that God said these things because they are true. And those of us who have neither done nor suffered any of the concrete things which obsessed Dumas and cramped his art, will find in his well-built comedies—which read quite as well as they play, or better,—a well-nigh constant application to things which we *have* done and suffered.

There certainly is no reason, here, for dwelling long on the other side of the medal. It has been done often enough, already. Even Homer nodded at times, we are told; and when the bard

gives way to the preacher, it is sometimes the audience which does the nodding. The catalogue of this playwright's sins is long; but we are inclined to apply to him the passage from Luke which he takes as text for his first stage-sermon. In his critical prefaces, which bulk considerably larger in number of words than the total of his plays, he takes note of many of the faults which are laid at his door. Some of them he admits; others he debates with unnecessary heat and prolixity. Only one of the charges against him has for us any real importance. Since he set himself up as a preacher and teacher of morality, the question is forced upon us: Do his plays appear to have an uplifting effect, or, as many sagacious critics, from Sarcey on, have maintained, have they, by keeping the thought of sin before the public mind, rather intensified than abated the evil which they attacked?

For the settlement of this question the present writer has no data. He can only repeat that he has found less of the salacious in Dumas than in the work of any other Continental dramatist who has dealt with the same problems; and while he readily admits that doctors have sometimes increased the prevalence of disease, and lawyers the frequency and virulence of quarrels and crime, he hesitates to advocate for that reason the cancellation of all medical and legal licenses. Youth have been corrupted by Rabelais, who is vile and lubricious; by Voltaire, who is ironical and mocking; by the *Paris Rire*, which jests at practices fraught with shame, suffering and death. The great peril comes from treating these matters as if they were trifles; and they were never trifles to Dumas.

Alexandre Dumas the Younger was born in Paris, July 28, 1824. After a riotous and spendthrift youth and some unimportant novel-writing in imitation of his father, he went to writing seriously, about the time he attained his majority, to escape becoming an object of charity. His best-known plays are *The Lady of the Camelias*, whose theme is the purifying effect of a great love in the life of a woman of the town; *The Demi-Monde*, which deals with the unsuccessful efforts of a woman adventurer to whitewash her past and secure a decent husband and social position; *The Money Question*, discussed above; *The Natural*

Son and *A Prodigal Father*, in which the two Dumas, father and son, appear in person; *The Ideas of Madame Aubray*, a plea for the complete forgiveness of a woman who has made a misstep; *The Princess Georges*, the most stirring fine female character in the whole series, who is brave enough to pardon an unfaithful husband; *Claude's Wife*, written immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, and introducing a thinly-disguised Prussian spy and a sublimely devilish wife, whose flawless husband shoots her as calmly as he would have crushed a snake; *Monsieur Alphonse*, presenting the exemplary chastisement of a conscienceless young beau who battens off weak women; *The Foreigner*, whose protagonist is a beautiful mulatto from the States, who slakes her thirst for vengeance on the American planter who wronged her mother, by sewing discord in European families; and two saner masterpieces, *Denise* and *Francillon*. In the last six or eight years of his life (he died in 1895), he wrote at least one more play which he did not have the heart to bring to the boards. The disheartened and sceptical France of the *fin du siècle* no longer listened well to prophets. But that the theatre-going France of the twentieth century is again willing to be preached to, is proved by the recent successes of the Reverend Doctor Eugène Brieux and the Reverend Doctor Paul Hervieu.

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BOOK REVIEWS

REFLECTIONS ON THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND. By Albert Léon Guérard.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. Pp. 276.

A graph of the popularity of Napoleon Bonaparte, rising and falling at almost regular intervals of years, would be found to end at the present moment in the trough of one of its periodic waves. Van Loon, pretending a readiness to follow "the little man on the white horse," is more picturesquely rhetorical than friendly; Shaw casts his glance Napoleonward in *Back to Methusaleh* and sneers; Wells holds his idealistic nose over the "cockeril upon a dunghill"; Guedalla mercilessly exposes the hoax of Bonapartism; and now Professor Guérard attempts to break the imperial icon once and for all.

Were it not for the fact that Napoleon is still something more than an historical figure, that he still stands for a cause—for a religion almost, about which has accumulated the literature of polemics and apologetics that characterizes hagiolatry, it would be difficult to account for the curious succession of curves of enthusiasm and reaction in the development of popular feeling toward the first Emperor. For Napoleon the historical figure is easily explained—so easily that there is astonishing unanimity in the interpretation of the outstanding facts of his career among the more recent and more capable of his biographers—the Frenchman Pariset, the American Sloane, the Austrian Fournier, the German Kircheisen, and the Englishmen Rose and Fisher. They agree in general that he was an ambitious fellow with wisdom enough to take advantage of certain favorable circumstances that he found ready-made for him, and ability enough to make others to order; that with this equipment of circumstances he proceeded to conquer most of Europe, until he was overwhelmed by the very enormity of his undertakings; that nevertheless the receding tide of his career left behind it wherever it had gone the indelible mark of the French theory of politics and of Napoleon's own unmistakable efficiency in government. There are, to be sure, moot points. Did he save or destroy the Revolution? Did he fight to protect France against her enemies, or

did he force other nations to fight to protect themselves against France? Did he deliberately choose a career of conquest, or was it thrust upon him by jealous England and her allies? Did he sacrifice himself for the glory of the France that he had done so much to create, or had he created France in order to sacrifice it to his glory? Even some of the facts are in dispute. Yet it is clear that like everyone else Napoleon was a product of heredity and environment; and that because his heredity and his environment were both unusual, he was destined to achieve the unusual. He was, in other words, great.

Professor Guérard writes as if he would prefer to deny this, but cannot. To be sure, he does minimize the credit due Napoleon. He points out that Carnot had done much toward creating Napoleon's army; that there were other good generals between 1792 and 1815; that a restoration of the Bourbons in 1800 might have been a good thing; that Napoleon's political reforms were but a mask for his dictatorship; that the Code was not his work and was of slight value, anyway; that the Legion of Honor was merely an appeal to vanity; that in education Napoleon simply adopted the work of the Convention and moulded it to the teaching of loyalty to the Emperor; that the Concordat of 1801 settled very little of importance and was the seed of the Clerical problem of subsequent years; that Napoleon's popularity in his own time was artificially created; that his writings do not belong to great literature; and that Napoleon III was a better man. He seems even to enjoy his rôle as a destroyer of the faith, with a certain malicious relish; but he cannot help letting a crumb of charity fall every now and then from this feast of disillusionment. Under certain circumstances "Napoleon was able to carry on, in splendid style, the work of Lazare Carnot"; "Napoleon is the soldier *par excellence*"; in resisting him the kings of Europe "were also attempting to block the spread of the Rights of Man"; "he did not impose his own thoughts upon the multitude: he tried to think the common thought"; "the most persistent delusion about Napoleon is that he could have acted otherwise, that nothing but a flaw in his character spoilt a unique opportunity and a splendid record."

There is very little in the first group of statements that is un-

acceptable,—very little, indeed, not already pointed out. Yet if the second group are facts, as Mr. Guérard so grudgingly concedes, they indicate that Napoleon's own character and the attendant circumstances both conspired to make him great. And that is all that an earnest student of Napoleonic *res gestae* will maintain.

No serious writer upon Napoleon, not even Thiers, who, more than any other individual, was responsible for the Napoleonic Legend, ever claimed much more than this for Napoleon. None but devotees of a cult could possibly believe, as Mr. Guérard would have it appear the world at large believes, in a "Man of Destiny, invulnerable, ubiquitous, omniscient"; who "alone could save France"; who "took France bankrupt, torn by factions, threatened with invasions, and through the sheer magic of his genius . . . made her the sovereign power of Europe"; who descended "alone like Moses from Mount Sinai, with the tables of the law in his hands"; at the touch of whose hand "the churches are reopened, the priests are respected, order and decency are restored, and France enjoys a century of peace." Such a portrait might have been in the minds of adoring peasants, but certainly not in that of Thiers, who concluded the first seven volumes of his *Consulate and Empire*—the only ones to appear before the advent of the third Napoleon—with the remark:—

Everyone will ask himself how it was possible to display so much prudence in war, so little in politics. The answer will be easy—in war Napoleon was guided by his genius, in politics by his passions.

Despite Voltaire, history is something more than a trick played upon the dead. The historian can be held responsible for little more than the earthly tale of a deified mortal. The articles of creed rest with the believers. The Napoleonic Cult, we suspect, was to a certain extent a growth, in spite of the researches of Thiers and other Napoleonists as well as because of them.

In short, the Legend of Napoleon never was quite so radiant as Professor Guérard supposes, save in the minds of simple folk and children. But the Legend of a liberal paladin fighting the

cause of the Revolution and France against a league of sworn enemies is built upon a sturdy foundation, even though it sometimes rises to extravagant heights. Mr. Guérard has been guilty of enlarging upon this Legend, the creation of neither simple nor childish though over-enthusiastic Napoleonists, and of contradicting it by dwarfing the true Napoleon.

The greater part of the *Reflections*, however, is less concerned with the Legend itself than with its origin and rise. Here the author deals intimately with French literature of the nineteenth century. He finds Romanticism "not guilty" of the Legend, even though the younger Romantics veered toward Napoleonism about 1830. The creation of the Legend was the work of Napoleon himself, whose *Mémoires* sought to justify his career; of Louis Philippe, who craved a vicarious glory from the apotheosis of the Emperor; of Béranger, laureate of militant chauvinism in an era of bourgeois peace; of Thiers, defeated statesman turned student of victory; of Hugo, younger Romanticist who beheld a mediæval Charlemagne in an all too modern Napoleon; and of a host of lesser Napoleonists, such as Stendhal, Balzac, and Dumas. The Legend declined with its reincarnation in Napoleon III, but was renewed in the eighties by the flood of memoirs that then found a market; by Taine, whose bitterness against Napoleon the *condottiere* was equalled only by his admiration of Napoleon the executive; and by Masson, Vandal and Houssaye, whose respective investigations on their subjects were second only to those of Thiers.

And still the Legend and the counter-Legend of the spirit of Napoleon continue. Meanwhile the revelations of historians stalk the imperial ghost and the real Napoleon becomes better known to us every day.

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GREEK LIFE AND THOUGHT: A PORTRAYAL OF GREEK CIVILIZATION.
By La Rue Van Hook. New York: Columbia University Press. 1923.
Pp. xiv, 329.

This book will prove useful, for it has condensed much information gleaned from the larger and less generally accessible

works of reference and from many special articles on Greek life, literature, art, history and the like. But it is also a 'popular account', and this produces a symmetry; for it would be practically impossible to put into one volume anything that might measure up to the implication of the title. To carp at a book for its brevity is far from condemning it. On the contrary, it seems that this portrayal of Athenian life and literature will meet the ends for which it has been designed. Of especial interest are the passages in the book in which the author touches on some debated questions, such as the unity of Homer, the estimation of work at Athens, the treatment of slaves, and the origin of tragedy.

J. B. E.

ROMAN HOME LIFE AND RELIGION. By H. L. Rogers and T. R. Harley
New York: Oxford University Press. 1923. Pp. xiii, 243.

Teachers of Latin have long felt the need of a book containing passages that set forth the home life and the religion of the common people of ancient Italy. So far as his Latin reading is concerned, the student's only source of information on these subjects has been the fortuitous and incomplete references contained in prescribed authors, and it is notorious that these relate almost always to the Roman's public life and to the official state religion. One has little reason to wonder that the average undergraduate regards the fellow-citizen of Cicero and Cæsar as an abnormal being entirely inexperienced in ordinary human relations and attachments and limited in his religious life to faith in such grotesqueries as prodigies and the eating of the sacred chickens. With this new Oxford book available there is no excuse for ignorance of the intimacies of the Roman hearth and of the deeper emotions of the Roman soul. The fact that many of the selections are translated wholly or in part not only bridges many difficulties, but also enables the reader to gain a broader and clearer vision of the subjects to which the book is devoted.

That so timely a book should be marred by a serious fault is regrettable. While the selections are beyond cavil, the translations are, generally speaking, unpleasing. The style of the

prose is awkward and lacking in directness and the poetry is without rhythm and grace. Candidly, it will be very difficult to induce the average American student to read that kind of verbiage. Nevertheless, teachers can make the book useful for their classes by modifying the translations or even, in certain cases, making entirely new translations. W. S. F.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF ROMAN RELIGION. By W. R. Halliday. Liverpool: The University Press; Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1923. Pp. 182.

This is a brief, comprehensive account of the history of Roman religion to the death of Augustus. Its plan is indicated by the contents: Lecture I, Introductory; II, The Religion of the Household; III, The Religion of the Farm; IV, The Religion of the State; V, The Religion of Numa and Its Objects of Worship; VI, From the Etruscan Monarchy to the Second Punic War; VII, The Last Century of the Republic; VIII, The Augustan Revival. Although the author calls it a summary and disclaims all aim of making any original contributions to knowledge, his interpretation is of great value; for he has selected and organized in a manner that appeals to all who may be interested in Greek and Roman civilization. This appeal might well go out to a wider circle; for in addition to the few misconceptions with regard to ancient religion among readers of culture to-day which may be corrected by reading these lectures, there are other misconceptions upon which such lectures have a natural claim. Ancient religion and modern folklore are not such distant cousins, after all, and the amateur who wishes to pursue such matters further can do so by following up the references here cited. Parallels between antiquity and the modern world are only too easy to draw, and parallels between the United States and Rome have been pointed out before now. If the old religion in which the Romans once had trusted with full faith faded and underwent metamorphoses, what is that but the common experience of any age? Sentences like the following stimulate this concern in parallels: "The changed social conditions of the urban poor worked powerfully in the same direction to undermine be-

lief in the old religion." Novelists and more serious writers on the problems of American society might discover food for meditation in this paragraph:—

The disappearance of family discipline and the sense of family unity both at the top and at the bottom of the social scale abetted the growth of individualism, which was an inevitable product of the development of a more complex civilization. In the upper classes the emancipation of women was a feature of the age, the attendant extravagances of which were accentuated by the suddenness of its accomplishment. This growth of individualism is reflected in the sepulchral inscriptions. For the first time in the first century B.C. a belief in personal immortality is implied by reference to the Manes of an individual and the *Laudatio Turiae* concludes: "I pray that thy divine Manes (di Manes tui) may keep thee in peace and watch over thee." (p. 151).

That same *Laudatio Turiae* was founded on fact; and it unfolds a story of adventure and fidelity so moving that one hardly understands why it has not yet been worthily introduced into modern literature.

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THE ROVER: A STORY OF NAPOLEONIC TIMES. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1923. Pp. 286.

Joseph Conrad's death leaves but one solitary figure in that unusual English-writing trio of whom one was Polish and one American in origin, and one intensely English in environment, soil-sympathy and folk-sympathy, and all of whom achieved, although how differently, real greatness as novelists: Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Henry James. It was in some ways inevitable that the last two should have formed a real personal friendship, while of Mr. Hardy's work Conrad once expressed to the reviewer enthusiastic admiration. "But," he added, "I find that I do not *need* Mr. Hardy's novels for myself."

No. The man who could write in *The Rover* of "that momentary self-forgetfulness which is called gaiety" was in no need of the Hardy astrigent. The time-spirit moves here and in *The Rescue* and *Under Western Eyes* as it has moved in *Tess*

and *The Return of the Native*. Both Hardy and Conrad are malomeliors; that is, they seem regretfully to recognize the dominant element of evil in the world of the past and of the present, yet hope for growth and betterment, to which the very honesty and courage and intelligence of their attitudes point the way.

The Rover has much of the compelling charm of phrase, mysterious truth of atmosphere, and searching disclosure of character-values through fold on fold, that belong to the masterpieces of Conrad. Absorbing as the tale is, however, it fails of first-rateness, as *The Arrow of Gold* fails. It falters and recovers, is energetically propelled anew, or falls into a sheer drowsiness. Heretofore repressed weaknesses are assailing the now intermittent strength. There are too many cases of negligent repetition in diction, of careless rhyme-collocations, of inconvenient alliterations, of the misuse of *shall* and *will*, of noble phrases marred by sudden tritenesses. Here, too (although this is by no means always a weakness), we find rather too frequent examples of Mr. Conrad's old fondness for privatives beginning with im-, in-, il- and ir-. "Immense" and its inflections occur often, and "immobile" and "immobility" oftener, while compacted examples of this tendency may be found in the following passages:—

. . . she was aware of a still remaining confusion in her mind, an indefinite weariness like the strain of an imperfect vision trying to discern shifting outlines, floating shapes, incomprehensible signs. (p. 164).

He could not know that Peyrol, unforeseen, unexpected, inexplicable, had given by his mere appearance at Escampobar a moral and even a physical jolt to all her being, that he was to her an immense figure, like a messenger from the unknown entering the solitude of Escampobar; something immensely strong, with inexhaustible power, unaffected by familiarity and remaining invincible. (p. 219).

But what exquisitely fine work in color and flavor appears in such phrasings as these:—

. . . there was the sea of the Hyères roadstead with a lumpy indigo swelling still beyond—which was the island of Porquerolles. (p. 6).

At the sound of the voices the dog got up with a strange air of being all backbone, and, approaching in dismal fidelity, stood with his nose close to his master's calves. (p. 16).

Outside one could see quite a mob of expectant chickens, while a yellow hen postured on the very doorstep, darting her head right and left with affectation. (p. 29).

From time to time a burst of foam flew over the tartane, or a splash of water would come aboard with a scurrying noise. (p. 265).

Astern of the tartane, the sun, about to set, kindled a streak of dull crimson glow between the darkening sea and the overcast sky. The peninsula of Giens and the islands of Hyères formed one mass of land detaching itself very black against the fiery girdle of the horizon; but to the north the long stretch of the Alpine coast continued beyond sight its endless sinuosities under the stooping clouds. (p. 261).

And the sinking of the tartane is as unforgettably described as the loss of the *Judea* in *Youth*:—

All hands on board of her with their backs to the sunset sky, clear like a pale topaz above the hard blue gem of the sea, watched the tartane give a sudden dip, followed by a slow, unchecked dive. At last the tricolour flag alone remained visible for a tense and interminable moment, pathetic and lonely, in the centre of a brimful horizon. All at once it vanished, like a flame blown upon, bringing to the beholders the sense of having been left face to face with an immense, suddenly created solitude. On the decks of the *Amelia* a low murmur died out. (p. 281).

Peyrol, the worn, grave pirate, is the romantic hero of a highly romantic yet credibly realized story. The other characters, Arlette, Réal, Catherine, Scevola, whose qualities, intentions and processes are skilfully etched in by Conrad's method of "here a little and there a little," move about him in orbit-like relations. The physical scene is largely static; the psychological scene is vividly actional. The movement in general has fewer zigzag involutions (save in Chapter VII) than we should expect, yet it follows the same *kind* of course: seizing significant

flexures, pausing upon obscure slow shadings that will at last become intensely significant in their relationships, pursuing the scent of the story as a psychological instance. The old magic is here, the alien-real atmosphere, the subtle quality of the Conrad masterpieces, the Slavic glamor of style; but the driving force, unhappily, skips many an impelling beat. G. H. C.

KANGAROO. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1923. Pp. 421.

This latest Lawrence novel is lyric and epic Australia,—Australia of fringes and silences and vast remotenesses, of deep bush beauty and magnificent port-waters, of masterful spirits mastered by the magic charm and brooding prophecy of an old, untamed, elemental continent, waiting—land and people alike—for some slow unfolding event. Mr. Lawrence can hardly let sheer Australia alone,—the mysterious wisdom of it, its inexplicit certitude. His closing chapter—"Adieu, Australia"—is largely a prose poem in its praise.

Obviously, the story is autoheroic. The author himself is identifiable with Richard Lovatt Somers, who, with his wife Harriett, comes to Australia for the first time. A novel, Mr. Lawrence remarks (p. 328), "is supposed to be a mere record of emotion-adventures, floundering in feelings. We insist that a novel is, or should be, also a thought-adventure, if it is to be anything at all complete." And so Mr. Lawrence gives us an absorbing and—considering that this is the age, indeed the very heyday, of the psychological novel—a well-proportioned admixture of both kinds of adventure: emotional stresses and conciliations between husband and wife; straightforward yet sometimes subtle polemics between Richard, on the one hand, and, on the other, Jack Callcott, or Willie Struthers, or "Kangaroo", all four of them concerned with social evolution, the latter two being opposing leaders in ways of progress; and long, lonely struggles in Somers's own soul about the curvings of destiny and the meanings and values of love and of work. In the midst comes a 56-page retrospective interpolation on the Great War, carrying us back to England and to the strains that Richard had

suffered—none too stoically—in those days of great tribulation. (The author here and elsewhere welds specific *occasions* into a *cause* not logically indicated, has the habit of too facile generalization from deeply felt personal data.) Somers's trouble is largely Hamlet's trouble: he scorns debate, and yet he is a debating society within himself. He can't take definite sides in ways and means of social and political reform. "As for politics, there was so little to choose, and choice meant nothing." (p. 384). "Politics is no more than your country's housekeeping." (p. 68). What men really need is time for spiritual solitude, for "the great pause between carings," for a chance to find the new dimension of life, the meaninglessness of meanings, the reality of timelessness and nowhere, and, on the human side, the true inner union of love, that "tangible unknown". And Mr. Lawrence's rather animistic enlargement of the God-concept—"the dark, the unutterable God"—makes its own contribution to our evolving theism.

Such is something of the temper of this unusual novel, admirably written in its author's now familiar tersely turned idiom,—half question, half challenge. The dovetailings of thought and emotion with scene and incident are fine artist's work. This is a book to be neither ignored nor forgotten. G. H. C.

THE AVALANCHE. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. Pp. 344.

"This," say the publishers, "is the love story of Llewellyn Dore, a brilliant young neurologist, and Dorothea Farragut, a New York society girl."

Llewellyn's father had been a Welshman, therefore an opportunist, and had won—not suspected by the New England mother—the boy's devotion through encouraging his belief in the "elves and goblins" of a neighboring mountain; later, Llewellyn felt that this mountain had for him "a vast mystic life." The mountain, however, was not guilty of the avalanche. That was the work of Dorothea, and was composed of masses of patients, not enough cheques having been provided to enable the young neurologist to meet the impact. As will happen when

an avalanche is fairly started, it destroyed all that was in its way—all that caused the story, which was an 'as-it-were' love.

Mr. Poole's New York has a rather Western flavor. Although there are parochial nooks and corners in the great city, it is a metropolis, and it is cosmopolitan; indeed, it is the only cosmopolitan city in this country. Chicago, which in many ways may be placed next in the list, is something of a compromise between self-centred New England and the "Breezy West", and it is the Chicago flavor that we seem to taste in the New York of this tale.

For the rest, Mr. Poole's characters are often directly descriptive. Instead of being made to reveal themselves—to emerge from almost invisible elements—they are cooked up as unreservedly as are buckwheat cakes in restaurant windows. The author's portraits of New Englanders, while not flattering are his best, and one feels that he approves them. In *His Family* only those who have the New England temperament come to a good end on a New England farm. In *Danger* the stern New England sister brings about the catastrophe which a lovely Quaker lady had tried to avert. In *The Avalanche* Llewellyn's New England mother with 'no color sense', 'low, flat voice', 'hard', 'dry', 'implacable', 'narrow', 'calculating', 'scientific', 'atheistic', 'grim', 'stiff', 'unsocial'—in short, the type of woman who might well have been drowned during an amusing kittenhood—tries to keep Llewellyn away from love as well as from "bogs of mystic bosh"—which one concludes lie at the base of the mystic mountain. Such a mother-in-law would naturally collide with any girl, however amiable and malleable, but especially one with the cheerful breeziness of the West and with New York clothes and tastes.

The least convincing of all of Mr. Poole's descriptions are those given to the mountain and to mysticism. Mere adjectives will not create or evoke the latter, and even with the help of a mountain brook, of war lunatics in France, of a journey to India, of two young Hindoos, and of many middle-aged gentlemen cured of many undiagnosed diseases, we are not made to feel the "strange power" that is said to be Llewellyn's. Meanwhile we are—from the beginning to the end—expecting to see each

moment the shallow editor, Tom McKane, shutting his soul and Dorothea as well in his long purse, put an end to Llewellyn's career. Be all this as it may, there are enough insurgent elements in the story to destroy its value *as* a story. S. B. E.

THE CELTIC REVIVAL IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1760-1800. By Edward D. Snyder. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1923. Pp. xii, 208.

This book is a fairly intensive though admittedly not exhaustive treatment of the subject. Up to this time we have had little beyond the sketches of the literary historians and writers on romanticism; now we have an arsenal of facts.

We must first raise a question as to the title. The Celtic "Revival" implies that there had been an interest in Celtic literature which had waned and in the latter part of the eighteenth century revived. We know of no warrant for such a notion; and of course Dr. Snyder does not use the term in any such sense. To be sure, the linguists were at work before 1750; likewise the archæologists; but there was little knowledge of Celtic literature or mythology in England before 1747, when the first volume of Carte's *History of England* appeared. In 1750 came Carte's second volume and Pelloutier's *Histoire des Celtes*. In 1756 appeared the two articles by Abbé Fénélon and Nicholas Fréret in volume XXIV of the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*; in 1760 came D'Anville's *Notice de l'Ancienne Gaule Tirée des Monumens Romains*; and in 1763 *Diddanwoch Teuluaidd*, with Morris's important introductory essay. As a name for the newly aroused interest in things Celtic the Anglo-Celtic or Celtophile Movement would be more accurate.

The introduction deals with the origin of the movement, which seems to date from about 1750; with the ignorance of Druidism in the eighteenth century (so dense that as late as 1793 Joseph Jefferson implied that the Druids were priests of Thor and Woden); and with the types of Celtic-English poetry, of which Dr. Snyder distinguishes four: (a) poems dealing primarily with Druidism and other features of Celtic mythology; (b) translations from the Celtic languages; (c) imitations or

pretended translations; (d) poems dealing with famous Celtic heroes.

The author then deals in succession with the five pioneers, Morris, Evans, Gray, Mason, and Macpherson. Morris was an excellent Welsh poet, a leading authority on Welsh metrics, a voluminous correspondent on literary matters, the compiler of nearly one hundred manuscript volumes of poetry, and a considerable antiquarian. He was the friend of Goronwy Owen and Evan Evans. The latter he encouraged to publish his famous *Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh Bards*, which had a profound influence on English literature for half a century. But as early as the middle of the year 1755 Gray had begun *The Bard*. His example in rendering into English verse other poems in the *Specimens* was followed by Richard Williams, John Walters the younger, and several others. Mason's *Caractacus* (1759) had great vogue throughout the century. Macpherson kicked up the most dust of them all. After going over the ground pretty thoroughly, Snyder accepts Nutt's view that—

for the student, whether of Celtic myth and saga, of Celtic archæology, or of Gaelic style and literary form, Macpherson's poems are worthless; they disregard the traditional versions of the legends, they depart from the traditional representation of the material life depicted in the old and genuine texts, and they utterly ignore the traditional conventions of Gaelic style.

Snyder adds a well-written critical estimate. Macpherson neglected Druidic mythology; he catered to the popular demand "back to Nature"; his natural scenery, though abundant, leaves only a vague impression; for the Celtic love of liberty he substituted sentimental gloom.

The remainder of the book is given to a catalogue of the authors and writings that illustrate and embody the spirit of the movement. Dr. Snyder has turned up some interesting facts and items which show the extent of the Celtic movement. As to the causes of the interest in Celtic mythology and literature, he frankly undertakes to give no more than hints: weariness of classical imagery; political changes, involving redistributions

of government pensions; the supposed connection between Celtic religion and primitive human life. These remain to be studied with greater intensiveness, and we doubt not that Dr. Snyder will do his full share of this important work.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, HIS DOCTRINE AND ART IN THEIR HISTORICAL RELATIONS. By Arthur Beatty. Madison: University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature, No. 17. 1922.

WORDSWORTH: LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By H. W. Garrod. New York: Oxford University Press. 1923.

Both of these books, one by a British scholar, the other by an American, are attempts to understand and interpret Wordsworth's poetry, not to present an appreciation of it. But, as Mr. Garrod justly says, "Appreciation commonly follows understanding; and it certainly lags where understanding lags." Hence these books are both valuable. One may not agree with them in every point—in fact, one cannot agree with both of them—but they contain much that is true and illuminating and also much that is provocative and stimulating. Neither book is for the casual and general reader; both Mr. Beatty and Mr. Garrod, especially the latter, presuppose a good knowledge of *The Prelude*. Yet they are right in emphasizing its importance for the student of Wordsworth.

Mr. Beatty deals "mainly with the mature theories and poetry of Wordsworth." But, as he rightly considers Wordsworth's doctrines and art as "a developing unity," he devotes the first pages of his book to a comparatively brief discussion of the poems before 1798. There follow a section on the maturer doctrines and one in which the author applies these doctrines to an interpretation of individual poems. The attempt to relate Wordsworth's mature theories to his actual poetical performance, the detailed study of his prose and the estimate of it as a necessary supplement to his poetry, and an analysis of Wordsworth's connections with the eighteenth-century philosophers, are the marks of individuality claimed by the author for his volume.

And his claims must be conceded. It would be difficult not to acknowledge the merit and success of his achievements with regard to the first two points; it is the third that provokes doubt and controversy. Mr. Beatty has drawn some interesting parallels between the philosophers and Wordsworth, and has shown clearly that Wordsworth knew and was interested in their theories. He bases virtually his whole book on the thesis that in his poetry Wordsworth was expressing and applying the doctrine of Associationism as he found it chiefly in Hartley, especially that portion of it which concerns the three stages by which the mind develops from simple sensations through simple ideas to complex intellectual concepts. According to Mr. Beatty, Wordsworth gives to these stages of intellectual development an autobiographical or chronological interpretation, making them correspond to "the three ages of man"—Childhood, Youth, and Maturity. It is obvious enough that Wordsworth's accounts of his own development, especially in *The Prelude* and *Tintern Abbey*, follow these three divisions, and Mr. Beatty produces plenty of evidence to show that the idea was in his mind in other passages. But at times he goes too far. We cannot concede the truth of such a statement as, "'The Child is father of the Man'; this is to say that all the powers grow more purely intellectual and spiritual with maturity." It seems like making a very hard matter out of a very simple one.

A natural corollary of the doctrine of the three ages of man is a conviction that Wordsworth regarded the intellect as the highest power. He is at variance in almost every point, Mr. Beatty thinks, with Rousseau, and "adhered to the rationalistic, intellectual, and anti-sentimental party." Here is a new Wordsworth for most people. Instead of the poet of nature, the herald of romanticism, the apostle of the feelings, Mr. Beatty sets up for us the philosophical poet, the poet of man, the follower of Locke, the advocate of intellect and reason. Here he joins issue with most of Wordsworth's critics, including Mr. Garrod. Yet one wonders if he is not in some measure creating a man of straw to knock down. Few critics have read Wordsworth without remembering such a phrase as "the philosophic mind". The trouble seems to lie in the fact that the advocates

of both views are too determined that their poet shall fit a mould. He must be either "the poet of the intellect," or "the poet of the feelings," but not both. Now few men—above all, few men of genius—are so consistent that they will in all moods and upon all occasions conform to a pattern. Wordsworth's own famous definition of poetry could be divided and a piece might be given to each school to play with; but taken as a whole it presents to us the whole Wordsworth:—

For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply.

Mr. Beatty may say that Wordsworth is the poet of Associationism, and Mr. Garrod that he is the poet of Sensationalism; the fact remains that he is the poet of *Tintern Abbey* and *Michael* and the *Ode*, which could never have been written but by a man who had both felt powerfully and thought deeply.

There are many interesting points about Mr. Beatty's book in addition to his central thesis. Although it is somewhat overloaded with quotations and unnecessary repetitions, it is logically arranged, clear, and readable. His discussion of Wordsworth's theory of diction is particularly good. Too much stress is usually laid on the words, "rustic life," in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, and too little on "the real language of men." Mr. Beatty puts the emphasis in the right place. Sensible, too, is his explanation of the difference in tone between the two parts of the *Ode*, and the interpretation of the poem, not as an argument for prenatal existence, but as a vivid presentation of the visionary quality of childhood by means of a symbol. The reader may regret his explaining away all mysticism from Wordsworth's poems, but he should welcome the real illumination which is frequently thrown upon a poem or a portion of one, as, for instance, in the case of *Expostulation and Reply* and *The Tables Turned*.

Mr. Garrod's *Wordsworth* is an arrangement in book form of a series of lectures supplemented by two more recent essays.

It shows the defects which adhere to lectures presented to readers not listeners. The chapters seem often incomplete and fragmentary, sounding at times more like notes than like finished lectures. Often the reader comes to the end of a chapter with a sense of surprise. But Mr. Garrod acknowledges these faults in his Preface and asks for charity. And we are more than willing to recognize the difficulties of such a task as his.

The plan of the book is an excellent one. "I propose," says the author, "to consider the poetry of Wordsworth in rather close connection with his life; and upon the whole I am content to defend the method simply upon the ground of its naturalness." It is a good defence and the method is fully justified. He considers Wordsworth's work chronologically, therefore, from the *Descriptive Sketches* through the period after 1807 when "the waters sleep". The additional essays, one on the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* and the other, of a more purely scholarly nature, on the composition of *The Prelude*, do not seem in any way extraneous. His thesis throughout, in contradistinction to that of Mr. Beatty, is that Wordsworth is the poet of Sensationalism, not of the Intellect. There are some interesting and plausible contributions to the interpretation of biographical references, especially in the chapter on *The Prelude*, which should be given consideration. Mr. Garrod's debt to the work of Professor Harper and of M. Legouis is heavy, and he acknowledges it. But he has made some valuable and suggestive revisions of their conclusions. He says that he has resisted the temptation to stray from interpretation into "the wider and pleasanter field of appreciation." We cannot help believing that he would have made a more readable book if he had succumbed to the temptation. This is suggested by the charm of the passage at the end of chapter ten, the last of the original lectures. We should like to see from the pen of Mr. Garrod some essays on Wordsworth written from the angle of "literary criticism in its larger sense."

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BENEDETTO CROCE: AN INTRODUCTION TO HIS PHILOSOPHY. By Raffaello Piccoli. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1922. Pp. 315.

Croce's theory of art has for some years been a storm-centre in American literary criticism. The opponents of the Italian philosopher have been almost as unreasonable as his adherents, and neither side has made much effort to understand his system and its implications. The result has been general condemnation or unstinted praise. To some extent this state of affairs is pardonable, for Croce's theory of art, as well as his philosophy as a whole, is full of pitfalls. Its abstract and somewhat perverse terminology and its ultra-idealistic tendencies have combined to make it obscure.

It is, therefore, gratifying to be able to point to Mr. Piccoli's study of Croce as a book that fills a gap in our store of information. One other careful exposition of Croce's work is accessible in English, namely H. Wildon Carr's *The Philosophy of B. Croce* (London, 1917). The latter book is, however, both more technical and less comprehensive than that of Mr. Piccoli. Croce's philosophy is exceedingly personal; that is to say, it is based very largely on introspection. For this reason a study of the gradual unfolding of the philosopher's ideas is of especial importance. Such a study Mr. Piccoli, as an Italian by birth and as a former pupil of Croce's, has been able to give us.

The writer has given us a sympathetic exposition rather than a criticism. Only now and then does he hint at dissent. This is perhaps as it ought to be, for what we need first of all is a thorough understanding of Croce's ideas. That this system of thought offers us a complete and satisfactory theory of art and criticism, I, for one, do not believe; but I do believe that Croce is an exceedingly vigorous and stimulating thinker, and that a conscientious study of his ideas will help to clear up some dark spots in our present confused world of art and criticism. Croce's greatest service lies, perhaps, in his offering us abundant material for further thought. It is as an introduction to this material that Mr. Piccoli's book should prove to be of much value.

THEODORE T. STENBERG.

The University of Texas.

BOOK NOTICES

BARCHESTER TOWERS. By Anthony Trollope. Edited by Clarence Dimick Stevens, Professor of English in the University of Cincinnati. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1923. Pp. xxi, 409.

ESSAYS BY WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by Percy Van Dyke Shelly, Assistant Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. Pp. xxxix, 401.

These two texts are worthy of *The Modern Student's Library*, of which they are new members. Professor Stevens's sympathetic and well-written Introduction gives us much of Trollope in small compass. Professor Shelly's essay on Hazlitt is less happy in point of both balance and style, being loose in organization and staccato in expression, but his selections are well made.

THE MAKING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By William H. Crawshaw, Professor of English Literature in Colgate University. Boston and New York: D. C. Heath & Company. 1924. Pp. 536.

A BRIEF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Abby Willis Howes. Boston and New York: D. C. Heath & Company. 1924. Pp. 231.

These two manuals have been revised and extended in order to further their usefulness for schools and colleges. The changes in the larger text make for real improvement, but the work done on the primer seems rather casual. Both have maps and illustrations.

OUR WORLD TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By James Harvey Robinson and Emma Peters Smith. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1924. Pp. 625, xlix.

We are given here a very useful, readable and reasonably full outline of the whole story of man. Nevertheless, "*All this book is really about the present*, since only those events and achievements of yesterday have been included that explain things as they are." Professor James Henry Breasted has collaborated in the preparation of Book One, Man's First Progress. The other Books deal with mediæval civilization, the beginnings of our modern world, the eighteenth century, the French Revolution and Napoleon, the century from 1814 to 1914, and the World War and its aftermath. There is a good bibliography, together with tables of European rulers, index and twenty-six maps.

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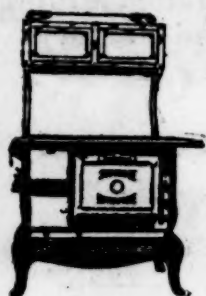
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